

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2605.—VOL. XCIV.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1889.

TWO WHOLE SHEETS (SIXPENCE.
AND EXTRA SUPPLEMENT) By Post, 6d.



THE BOY KING OF SERBIA, ALEXANDER OBRENOVITCH

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is satisfactory to hear that Beauty Shows are no longer to be confined to the female sex. It is, indeed, but the redress of a crying wrong; and one is surprised that there should have been so long a delay in the matter. If Beauty Shows had begun with men, it is certain that women would not have borne their exclusion with the patience that we have hitherto manifested. However, it is all right now. Berlin has set the example, and Vienna is following suit, and in due time we shall have one in London. The jury, of course, is composed of ladies, though it is not necessarily a jury of matrons. There are peculiarities in the prizes which will give us all a chance. If mere comeliness were the sole claim, it is probable that modesty would to some extent diminish the number of candidates. Some of us are getting too old, others too fat; there are even many slim young persons who resemble neither Adonis nor Hyacinth; and, what is still more strange, a few are aware of it. I once knew a young gentleman in the Guards who was very ordinary-looking—what is called in Wiltshire “sinful ordinary”—and he never imagined himself to be otherwise. “I am the ugliest man,” he used to say, “but the handsomest figure in the British Army.” However, it is not even necessary to be a good figure to obtain a prize in the new competitive examination. The first is to be given “to the handsomest man”; the second to “the owner of the most killing moustache”; and the third to “the man with the baldest head.” This last is what most of my personal friends are going in for, and therefore most interests me. The clause is supposed to have been inserted because of a recent contention that baldness is a sign of intelligence; so that this prize is (in other words) accorded to intellectual beauty. It will, no doubt, be keenly contested. A few years ago there was a well-known head in town which had but four hairs near the nape of the neck (and often have I seen its owner brush them with his hat on); but that which would have defied competition has gone, and the lists are open to all comers. It will be a nice point whether a man who has worn a wig for the last twenty or thirty years will be allowed to compete. Think of him descending into the arena, at the last moment, and snatching his wig off just as the lady judge was bestowing the laurel crown, or the snuff-box, upon some apparently successful rival, with “One moment, madam; look at me! Cast your eyes on this smooth and shining surface.” It would make a magnificent picture—“The Judgment of Helen.”

I am told that a compromise has been effected by the Manchester Corporation with the advocates of the high-level road on Thirlmere, and that the road is not to be made: so far so good, but I hope that the scenery has not been compromised. There seems to be an epidemic in the Lake District—a sort of landscape smallpox—for inflicting as many blemishes on it as possible. The last malady with which it has been attacked is a quarry on Loughrigg Fell, the southern boundary of Grasmere. There is no spot so beautiful in the British dominions, or one so especially consecrated by the genius of the greatest of our Lake poets. It is now settled that—

The calmest, fairest spot on earth,
With all its unappropriated good,

shall be appropriated by a slate quarry. What happens to happy valleys in which mines are dug may be seen in Borrowdale; but the mischief that has been done there will be nothing to what will now take place at Grasmere. Wordsworth's Point Rash Judgment juts out, significantly enough, close to the spot selected for the sacrilege. It is curious what small store many of the natives of the district themselves set upon their Paradise. Miss Martineau once told me of an ancient dame at Ambleside who confided to her that she could not for the life of her understand what folk flocked in such crowds to see there; but a time came when the poor old soul had to go to Manchester to see a son who had met with an accident and lay there in the infirmary; and when she returned home, she said, “Now, I do understand.”

In spite of the efforts of the Lake Defence Association the general view of the uneducated inhabitant is to bring as much “business”—including railways and mining operations—into the district as possible: he never prays for rain in summer, because he knows “the visitors are his harvest”; but he does not really know what brings the visitors, nor (which is worse) what is certain to keep them away. Such infamous suggestions as are whispered of a railway through Borrowdale, or from Windermere to Langdale, can scarcely be serious; but it is certain that the Valley of the Duddon—one of the few scenes of absolutely secluded beauty left in our island home—is threatened with the erection of a reservoir right across the valley, by the Barrow Hematite Steel Works! The Duddon is the river of which Wordsworth wrote—

There hath some awful spirit impelled to leave,
Utterly to desert the haunts of men,
Though simple thy companions were and few;
And through this wilderness a passage cleave,
Attended but by thy own voice, save when
The clouds and fowls of the air thy way pursue.

Of course, there are those who will say that the project in question is “good for trade”; but the people of the Lake District will find, too late, that such things are not good for their trade. They will deserve no pity; but, unhappily, all England will suffer with them. It is suggested, not without reason, that, as in the Malvern Hills Act, the whole district should be placed under Conservators.

A visitor to the National Gallery complains that he no longer finds in it Titians, Correggios, Claudes; but Vecellios, Allegris, and Gellées, who are perfect strangers to him. He very pertinently inquires whether in future we are to read in our Goldsmith—

When they talked of their Sanzios, Allegris, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff,

instead of the well-known lines. What a fine contempt would the great poet who wrote them have had for these new-

fangled and affected tricks! We might have expected them, however, from what has been going on of late in the exhibitions at Burlington House. All the pictures taken from Greek and Latin subjects are now designated anew after the latest style. The old heroic names with which we have been familiar from boyhood have suffered a classic change into something new and strange.

In the fairest time in June
You may go in the afternoon,

but you may never more behold there the infant Hercules strangling the serpents: you will only find Heracles. Our old friends from Olympus (Olympus itself has changed its address) are not recognised by the catalogue. To do them justice, it is not the artists who are to blame for this, for they know little more of the Classics than what honest old Lemprière tells them. They have been “put up” to this absurd eccentricity by the latter-day scholars who plume themselves upon spelling Virgil with an *c*. It is probable they would resent the comparison, but these hypercritical gentlemen remind one very much of the wholly unlearned persons who pique themselves on pronouncing Boulogne with the proper native pronunciation—the French roll; and yet speak of Paris as Englishmen should do. If foreign localities are to be designated by native names the system should be thorough, and in that case one wonders what Timbuctoo would be like. What the British tourist chooses to call things is not of much consequence, but one is sorry to see Art (which has quite enough affectations of its own) thus borrowing the shallow pedantries of Learning.

In the *Forum* for March a reviewer (and a very accomplished one) has been writing on reviewers. It is, indeed, an abnormal proceeding. Imagine a divine discoursing upon the makers of sermons! Of course he has something to say to the author also; one could hardly expect a pedagogue with his birch in his hand—even though with no idea of inflicting punishment on *him*—not to give the passing school-boy a swish or two. But on the whole his attitude towards him is friendly. He gives him good advice between the swishes: “Do not, my child, be cast down by criticism; remember ‘No man was ever written down except by himself’; and do not read newspaper notices of your books at all.” But it is the critic he has gone forth to criticise. He is himself both an author and a journalist; but an author first and a journalist afterwards, or he would never have written—“In the daily papers literature comes after politics, the City article, riots, prize-fights, racing”; he might have added “and a long while after” (generally about six months after the book is out). If there is any error in reviewing books in the daily journals, it does not often arise from hurry. It is whispered that in the offices of one great newspaper a notice of “Robinson Crusoe” was recently “distributed,” upon the ground that the article had been too long on hand, and the interest of the subject had died out. In the weekly journals literature is more up to date, and treated with more consideration; but our reviewer ventures to think that “in papers of pure literature they might be more entertaining.” (I beg to say that it is not *I* who have the temerity to make that remark.) “Where novels and poetry are concerned it is not in nature but that the reviewer should often desire to show his wit, and to divert his readers, rather than to pass grave judgments. Novelists must take their chance of such mishaps.” (Again observe the inverted commas: I did not write *that* sentence either; what I do say is that the most skilful of reviewers, even when he wishes to be most angelic, cannot help showing the cloven hoof.) In speaking of the little mistakes that have been committed in criticism our author—for it is in that character he is writing this time—is so good as to remind us of what can never fail to gladden the literary heart, that on the first appearance of “In Memoriam,” a critic wrote of it, “This is a volume of religious verse apparently by the widow of a military man.” I well remember that admirable notice: it was in the *Christian Remembrancer*, and the lines beginning “Strong Son of God, immortal Love,” were described as an invocation to Cupid! Our reviewer is as honest as he is clever, and has the courage of his opinions. “If it be logrolling,” he says, “to praise the work of a personal friend, supposing that one sincerely admires it, I for one mean to logroll as long as I can hold a pen.” He is, apparently, not one of those gentry who, not being remarkable for the possession of a sense of justice, store up every stony fragment of it (with mercy—every mitigating circumstance—carefully picked out) for the reception of the work of their friend. “If I do not approve of his work,” says our reviewer, “I prefer to let others tell him of his defects.” His advice to youthful critics deserves to be written in letters of gold:—“Do not slash the works of women: spare the squaws; reserve the scalping-knife and the torture-stake for the braves. Whether you review friends or not, review sincerely; and never review an enemy.”

The opera, though classed as an amusement, can scarcely lay claim to any high degree of humour; even comic opera has been known to have rather a depressing effect; but much fun, it seems, takes place upon the stage without the audience being aware of it. Where the humour lies thickest is in the jealousies of the rival performers. The very highest nobles of the Court (as represented), and even the King himself, are not free from it. His scenic Majesty in “Maritana,” being extremely outraged the other night by one of his courtiers depriving him, by a too precipitate entrance, of an encore, gave him a piece of his mind upon the stage before delivering his royal address. What he said was not quite becoming in anybody, and least of all in the mouth of a King; but anything more ludicrous than “an aside” of an abusive description followed by a monarchical observation, pitched in a musical key, it is difficult to imagine, and it seems a monstrous thing that the audience should not have been let into the joke; moreover, the King is described (by a fortunate witness) as gesticulating with his fists from the wing, while his enemy was still sighing or singing before

the footlights. The subsequent proceedings, as alleged—the squaring up of his Majesty in his shirt-sleeves and so on—pale into insignificance before that admirable by-play: surely an unrivalled mixture of real and scenic life! For that night only, at all events, one would have given much to belong to that operatic company. To be “behind the scenes” is a phrase that generally signifies to be robbed of an enjoyment; but there are certainly exceptions.

THE COURT.

Queen Victoria and Princess Beatrice take walks and drives daily in the neighbourhood of Biarritz. On March 12 her Majesty, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, was present at a fête, held under the patronage of the Municipality of Biarritz, at which the *jeu de paume Basque* was played. The Earl of Lytton, her Majesty's Ambassador at Paris, accompanied by the Countess of Lytton, and Mr. Austin Lee, his private secretary, arrived at Biarritz. The Queen visited the Villa Evers in her donkey-chair on the 13th, being accompanied by Princess Beatrice on foot. In the afternoon her Majesty and Princess Frederica, attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps and Sir Henry Ponsonby, drove from the Villa La Rochefoucauld, Biarritz, to St. Jean de Luz, where they were received by the Mayor, who conducted them over the house occupied by the Duke of Wellington in 1813. Her Majesty received the Marquis de Casa Irujo, who arrived from Madrid with an autograph letter from the Queen-Regent of Spain. The Queen and Princess Henry of Battenberg, with the Hon. Harriet Phipps, drove on the 14th to the Côte des Basques. In the afternoon her Majesty and the Princess, attended by Lady Churchill, drove to Bayonne. The Duke of Rutland visited the Queen after luncheon. Lord and Lady Lytton dined with the Queen; and Mr. Austin Lee, Second Secretary to the Embassy in Paris, as well as Mr. Bellairs, were afterwards presented to her Majesty. The Marquis de Casa Irujo left for Madrid with an autograph letter from Queen Victoria to the Queen-Regent of Spain. The Queen received the Duke of Rutland after luncheon on the 15th, and in the evening Princess Frederica of Hanover and Baron von Pawel-Rammingen dined with her Majesty. The Queen drove out in the morning of the 16th in her donkey-chair, Princess Henry of Battenberg walking by her side; in the afternoon her Majesty and Princesses Beatrice and Frederica drove to Bayonne. The band of the 49th Regiment of Infantry from Bayonne played outside the grounds of the Queen's villa. Divine service was held in the villa on Sunday morning, the 17th, which her Majesty, Prince and Princess Henry, and the suite attended; the Rev. G. E. Broade conducted the service. In the afternoon the Queen drove to Bayonne. The 18th being the anniversary of the birthday of Princess Louise, the band of the 49th Regiment of Infantry played a selection of music during her Majesty's luncheon at the Pavillon La Rochefoucauld. The Duke of Rutland had the honour of dining with the Queen. The Préfet des Basses Pyrénées, General Munier, commanding the 36th Division of Infantry, Le Comte Gaston de la Rochefoucauld, and the Mayor of Biarritz dined at the Pavillon La Rochefoucauld, and were received by the Queen afterwards. On the morning of the 19th the Queen took a drive in her donkey-carriage, accompanied by Princess Beatrice on foot. In the afternoon her Majesty, attended by Lady Churchill and the Hon. Harriet Phipps, drove to Ripart. Subsequently, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg drove out together.—It is now settled that Queen Victoria will meet Queen Christina at San Sebastian on March 27. Lord Lytton and the Duke of Rutland will accompany the Queen. The weather at Biarritz is (a writer in the *World* says) a curious combination of winter and summer. A piercing wind is tempered by brilliant sunshine; camellias bloom in the open air, but furs are absolutely necessary to comfort, and at times everything is wrapped in mist. The Queen is wonderfully well. She writes every day for several hours.

The Queen has contributed £100 to the China Famine Relief Fund, and £50 in aid of the fund being raised for the widows and orphans of the Grimsby fishermen who perished in the recent gales.

The Prince of Wales presided on March 13 at a banquet at the Hôtel Métropole, to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the foundation of the Colonial Institute, and in proposing the naval and military forces of the Empire, remarked that the military defence of the Colonies had for the most part been undertaken by themselves, but the naval defence remained an Imperial duty, though the Australasian Colonies were now giving substantial aid to it. In proposing the toast of the evening, his Royal Highness said that the rumours that the Colonial Institute would be merged in the Imperial Institute had no foundation. The Prince and Princess received the Brazilian Minister and the Baroness De Penedo at Marlborough House to take leave of them previous to their departure for the Brazilian Legation at Paris. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), the Marquis of Lorne, and Prince Christian visited the Prince and Princess of Wales, and remained to luncheon. On the 14th the Prince and Princess received the Spanish Ambassador, on his Excellency's appointment to the Court of St. James's. Their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princess Victoria, were present at the first concert of the Philharmonic Society at St. James's Hall. The Prince visited the studio of Mr. J. E. Boehm, R.A., in the Fulham-road. On behalf of the Queen the Prince held a Levée on the 15th at St. James's Palace, at which there were many presentations. His Royal Highness was accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, and the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with Prince Christian Victor, were present. The Prince of Wales dined with the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms, in their mess-room at St. James's Palace, in the evening. On the 16th the Prince visited the exhibition of Old Masters and a selection of the late Mr. F. Holl's, R.A., works at the Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House; and, in the evening, their Royal Highnesses, with their three daughters, honoured the performance of “Good Old Times” with their presence at the Princess's Theatre. On Sunday morning, the 17th, the Prince and Princess and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud were present at Divine service. The Comte and Comtesse de Paris visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House on the 18th, and remained to luncheon. His Royal Highness left in the afternoon on a visit to Lieutenant-Colonel Viscount Downe and the officers of the 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars at the Cavalry Barracks, York; and inspected the regiment at Knavesmire on the 19th, Prince Albert Victor commanding one of the three squadrons.

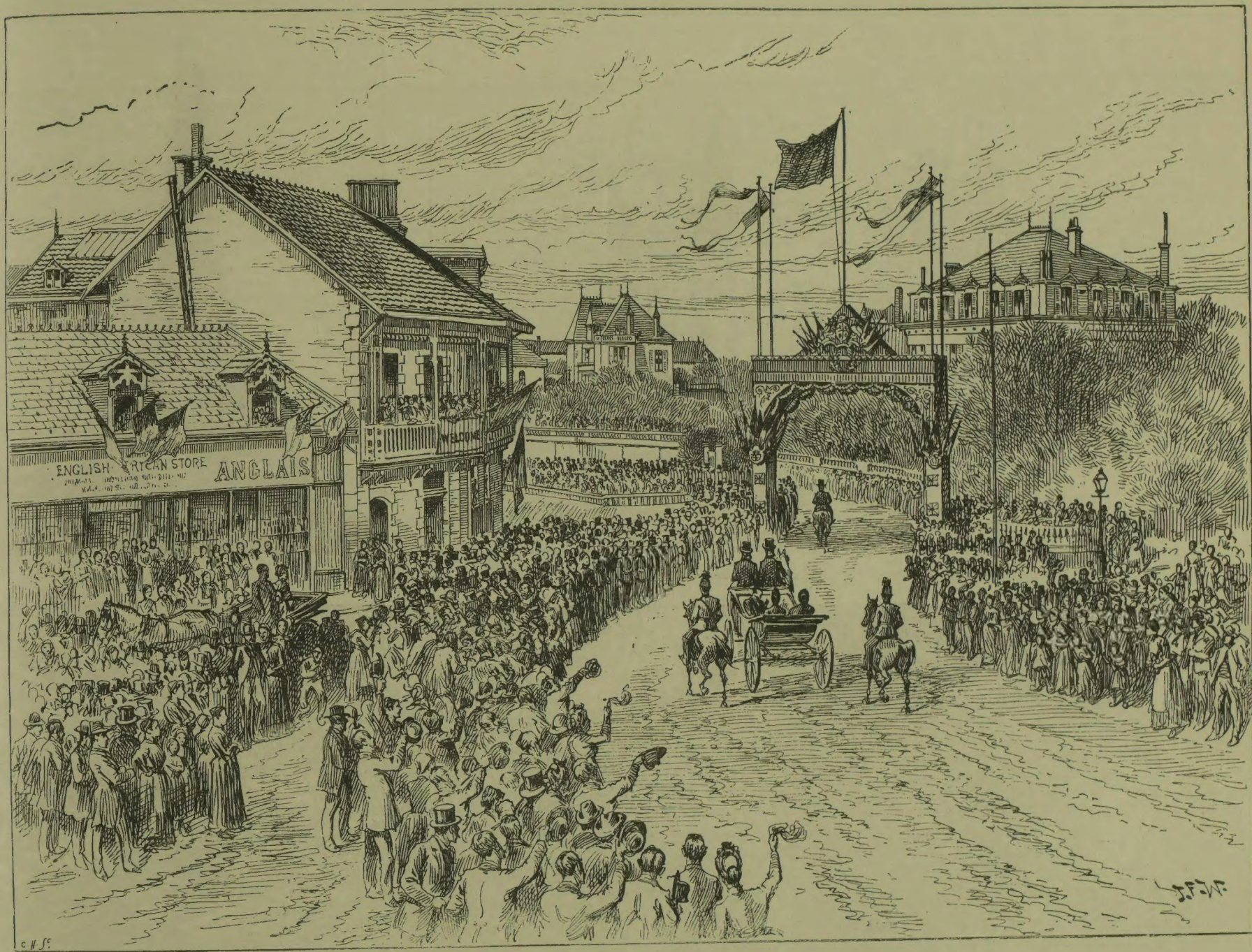
Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne arrived at Aachen on March 16 for a fortnight's stay. The forty-first birthday of Princess Louise was celebrated at Windsor on the 18th with the customary honours. The bells of St. George's Chapel and St. John's Church were rung, a Royal salute was fired in the Long Walk, and the Corporation flag was displayed upon the Guildhall.

The arrival of her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg) and Prince Henry of Battenberg, at Biarritz, near Bayonne, on the French coast of the Bay of Biscay, took place at half-past two in the afternoon of Thursday, March 7. The Queen, having travelled by rail from Cherbourg, was met at the station by Princess Frederica of Hanover and her husband, Baron Pawel-Rammingen. There were also present to receive the Queen the Sous-Préfet; the Mayor of Biarritz; General Munier, the officer commanding the troops; the British Vice-Consul, Captain Bellairs, and Mrs. Bellairs. Sir Henry Ponsonby presented the Mayor and British Consul, and the Queen, who was carrying in her hand a bouquet given her by Princess Frederica, accepted a second from Mrs. Bellairs. After saying a few words to the persons presented, she walked to the open landau waiting outside. At this moment the band stationed in the courtyard played "God Save the Queen." Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg occupied seats in the Queen's carriage, and a cavalry escort accompanied it all the way to the Villa La Rochefoucauld. The Queen drove through the principal parts of Biarritz. The hotels and private houses were decked with flags; two or three triumphal arches were also erected at the entrance to the town, and the streets were crowded with English people and natives, whose eagerness to see the Queen drive past did not take an obtrusive form. The only drawback was the absence of sunshine, but there was no rain: and the Queen, as

That the English people appreciate Biarritz as a winter residence may be inferred from the fact that they come each year in increasing numbers, many of them having purchased property and settled in the place. From November to May Biarritz is a purely English colony. The quiet period of its existence is during the winter, when our fellow-countrymen do not indulge in much gaiety, except so far as regards outdoor sports. Of these there is no lack at Biarritz during the winter, there being a pack of foxhounds, as at Pau, a lawn-tennis court, and a golf ground, the links, which have been laid out upon the old race-course, above the villa which is occupied by the Queen. There is an excellent English club, and the visitors staying in the Hôtel d'Angleterre, the Hôtel Continental, and others get up occasional dances, while residents in the principal villas, such as Sir Andrew and Lady Fairbairn, entertain a good deal. But, on the whole, the winter life led at Biarritz is quiet, though disturbed this winter by the laying down of a steam tramway between Biarritz and Bayonne.

The sudden abdication of the Serbian throne by King Milan Obrenovitch, who is in the thirty-fifth year of his age, and has reigned, as Prince, from 1868, and with the title of King, since March 6, 1882, seems to threaten the new monarchy with serious political dangers. He is succeeded by his only child, Alexander, who was born August 14, 1876, and whose mother, Queen Natalie, daughter of the Russian Colonel Kechko and of Princess Pulcheria Stourdza, was lately compelled by King Milan to submit to a separation, and to exile from Servia, on the plea of incompatibility of temper. The young King Alexander is said to be intelligent and well disposed, and speaks both French and German. The Government is now entrusted to three Regents, M. Ristitch, General Belimarkovitch, and General Protitch, who are able men. M. Ristitch was Regent during the ex-King's minority; he has several times been Minister. General Belimarkovitch, who is fifty-six years old, has been twice War Minister. Some years ago he was impeached before the Skuptschina for embezzlement, but was acquitted. General Protitch is sixty years old, and has also been twice War Minister. He is a man of great energy, and is liked in the army.

The proclamation of the three Servian Regents says that they will be loyal to the Obrenovitch dynasty, that they hope to maintain friendly relations with foreign Powers, and that they trust a new era of prosperity is going to dawn upon Servia. The programme which they have settled with the



ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN AT BIARRITZ.

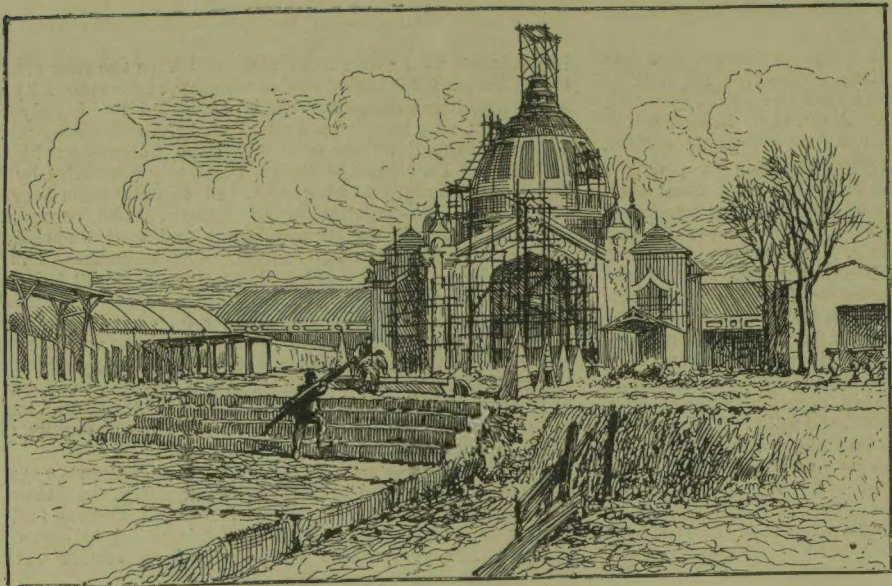
Gothic, and Scandinavian; the domestic architecture of the Roman Empire, and that of the Byzantine Empire; the Slavonic and the Russian; the Turkish and the Arabian; still further, the Chinese and Japanese, those of the Lapps and Eskimo, those of the negroes of Central Africa, the Aztecs, Red Indians, and other natives of America. We give an illustration of some of the Eastern houses. The military department of the Exhibition, furnished by the French Ministry of War, is to occupy a large space in a palace erected for this purpose in the Place des Invalides, of which an illustration is also presented among our Engravings. It is 150 metres long, with three grand entrances under triumphal arches, one in the centre of the front, twenty-nine metres high, the other two at the ends. On the ground-floor will be arranged the cannon and great guns, with specimens of the processes of casting and boring artillery, and with shot and shell; there will also be a model fortress of the Middle Ages, to be compared with the modern art of fortification. In the rear will be model cavalry stables, mounted guns, field artillery, and military waggons. Above, in a vast gallery extending the whole length of the building, and lighted from the glass roof, will be an immense collection of weapons, rifles of all sorts, swords and bayonets, ammunition, uniforms, equipments, and stores, military maps and plans, flags and trophies, and relics of warfare. The French colonies, besides the courts in the main Exhibition building allotted to Annam, Tonquin, and Cochinchina, have a separate building, next to the Tunisian palace, for the display of their products from the West Indies, West Africa, New Caledonia, and the Pacific isles; there will also be villages of huts for the natives. The Pavilion of the City of Paris will, of course, be superb and magnificent. It will take the visitor several days to go the round of all these buildings,

much more to inspect all their contents. The Eiffel Tower, by far the loftiest ever projected by human skill, which is now approaching completion, has already been described. The main Exhibition is divided into three distinct parts—namely, the Fine Arts Gallery, and the Gallery of Industries or Manufactures, occupying the two ranges of building on both sides of the Champ de Mars, with a huge iron dome, rising 56 mètres above the ground, surmounting each of these buildings; and the Gallery for Machines, which extends transversely across the width of the Champ de Mars, closing the view from the Trocadéro beyond the Seine. This Gallery for Machines, of which also we present an Illustration, is an enormous plain structure of iron and glass; the iron arches have a span of 115 mètres, and 11,300,000 kilogrammes of iron are used in this building alone. The architect is M. Dutert, and the work is executed by two contractors, namely the firm of Cail et Cie., and the Fives-Lille Company. The architect of the Fine Arts Gallery is M. Formigé, and M. Bouvard superintends the construction of the Gallery of Industries. The estimated cost of each of the three main buildings exceeds 6,000,000 f. No such works in iron have ever been undertaken in France, where the use of that material in vast quantities is less familiar than it is in our own country

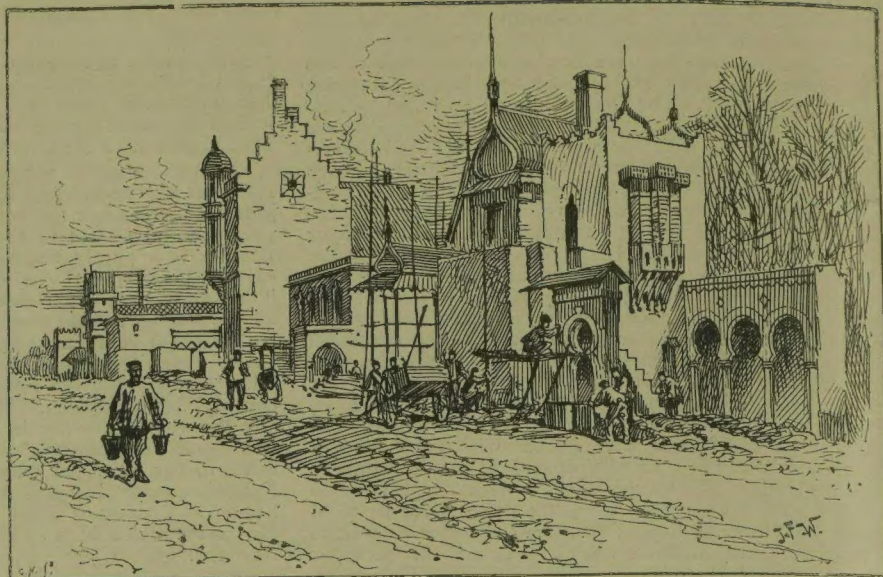
The buildings in the Champ de Mars and around the Invalides, for the Great International Exhibition, are now in a very advanced state of construction. Among those of a special character are the Palais de l'Algérie, with a grand porch of three arches, a lofty minaret, and a cupola, imitating the Mosque of Sidi Abderrahman, at Algiers ; adjacent to this, the Tunisian Palace, which reproduces some architectural features of the Bardo, the Souk-el-Bey, and the tomb of Sidi Ben Arouz, at Tunis ; and others which present a foreign aspect. But the collection of models of the dwellings of all civilised nations, ancient and modern, or at least of forty-nine different nations, which is arranged on the Quai d'Orsay, between the Avenue de Suffren and the Avenue de la Bourdonnaye, will be of more varied interest. These models are from designs supplied by M. Charles Garnier, the architect of the Opera House, aided in the historical studies by M. Ammann, Professor of History at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand. Those of the prehistoric age comprise the cave-dwellings, lake-dwellings erected on piles, rude stone or earthen huts, and bowers of the forest branches and leaves. The historical periods illustrated are in five divisions ; the most ancient including the Egyptian, Assyrian, Phœnician, Hebrew, Pelasgian, and Etruscan types of dwelling-houses ; then the Indian, Persian, Greek, Roman, Gallic, and German, Hunnish,

Mr. Justin M'Carthy presided at the Irish National banquet, which generally takes place on St. Patrick's Day, and which was held on March 18 at Cannon-street Hotel.

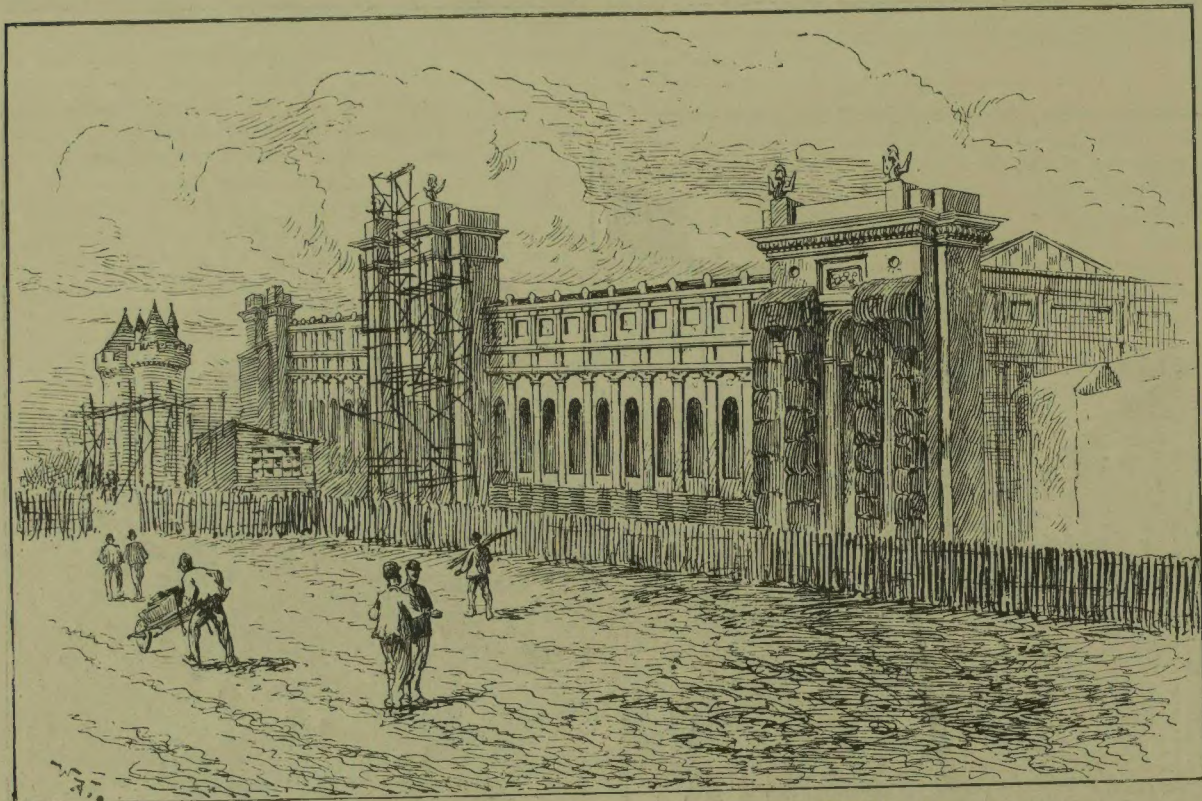
A large gathering of members took place at the Victoria Institute's house, Adelphi-terrace, on March 18, when a paper was read on the "History of Metallurgy," treating it first from the standpoint of a geologist, and then in its connection with the history of man. A discussion ensued.



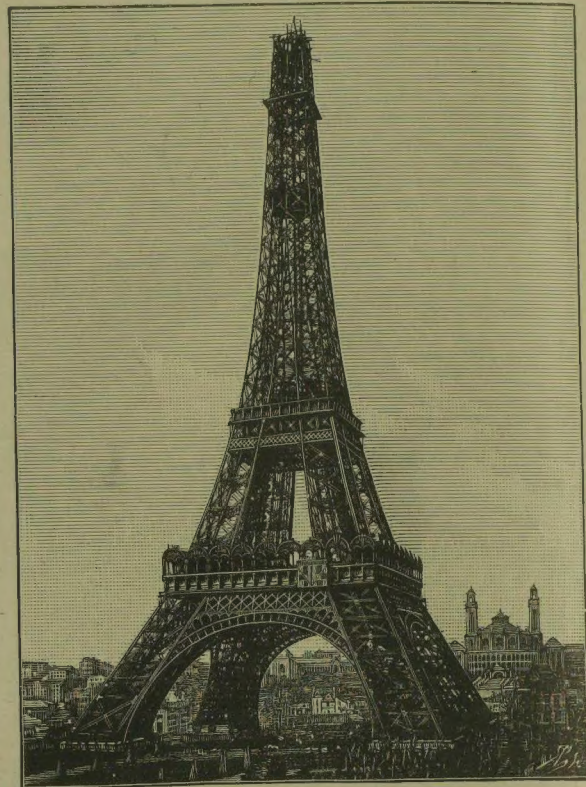
PAVILION OF THE VILLE DE PARIS.



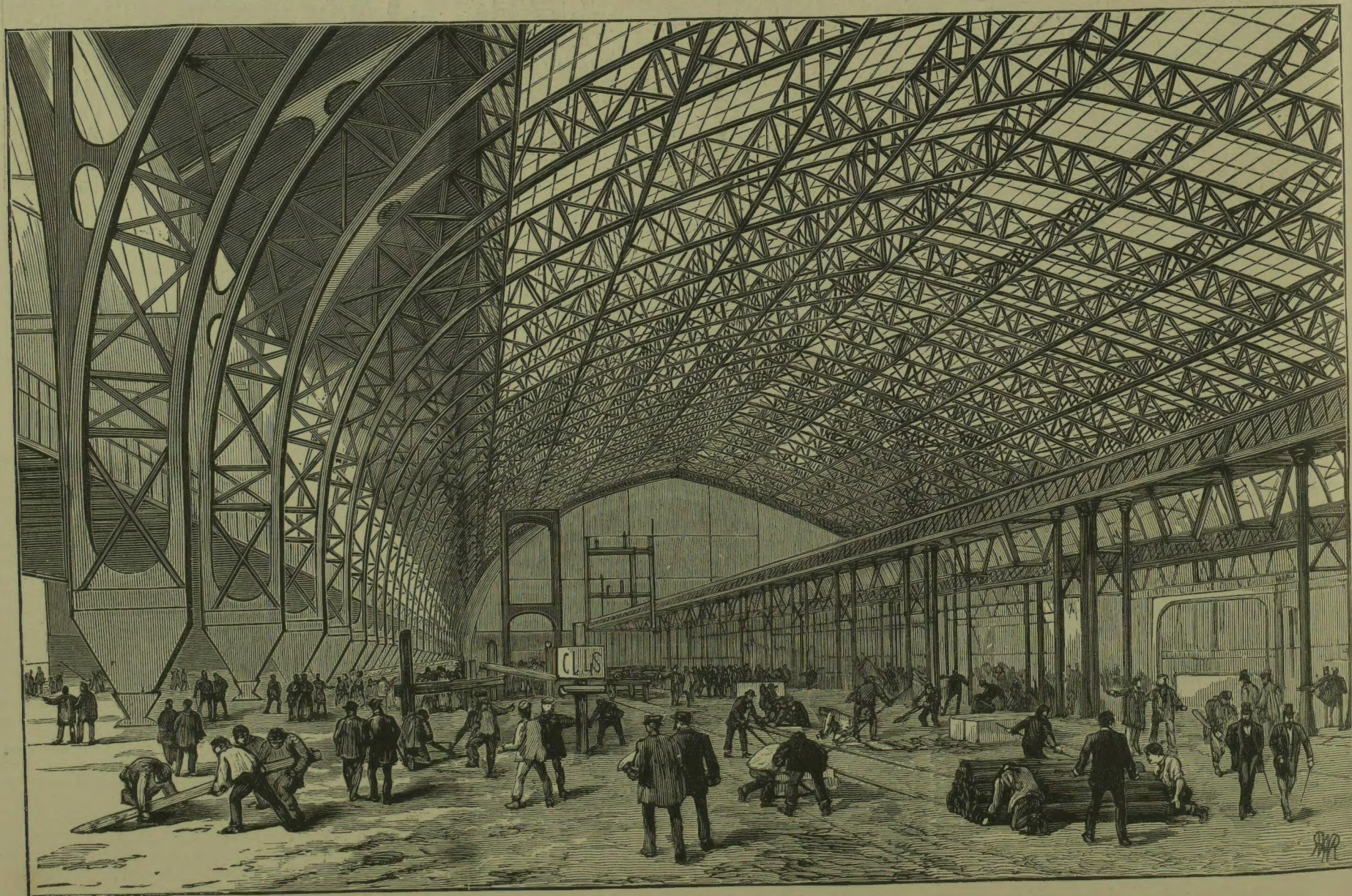
DWELLINGS OF ALL NATIONS: SOME OF THE EASTERN HOUSES.



PALACE OF THE MINISTRY OF WAR, PLACE DES INVALIDES.



THE EIFFEL TOWER, IN PROGRESS.



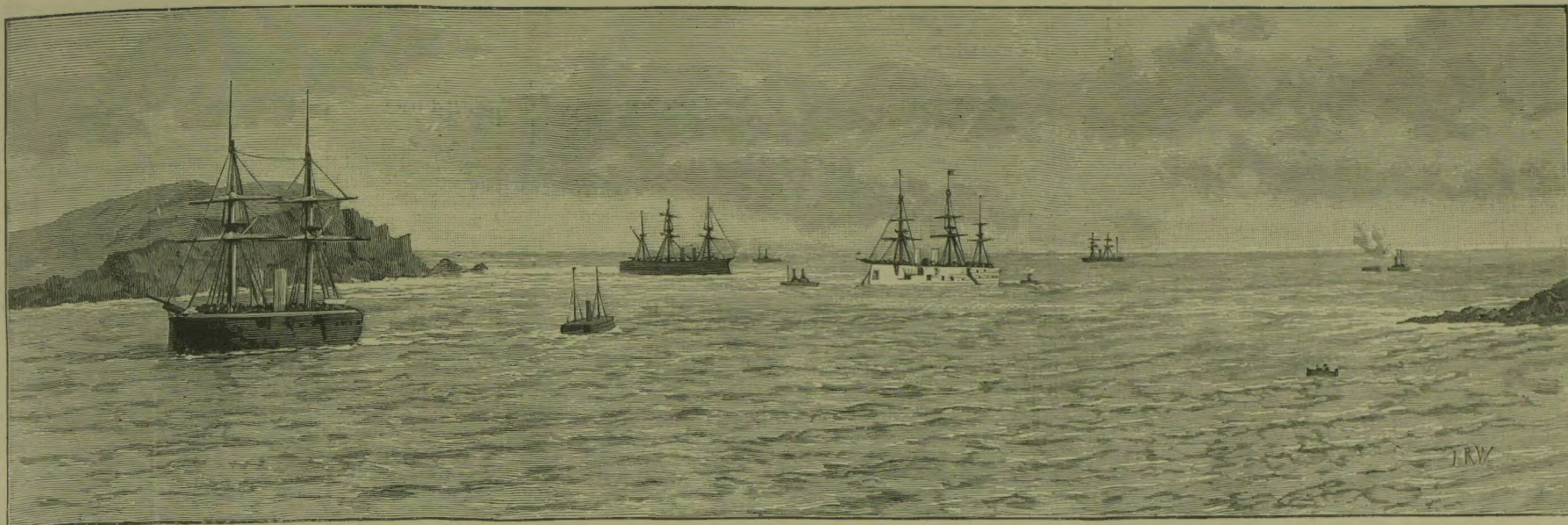
GALLERY OF MACHINES.

THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

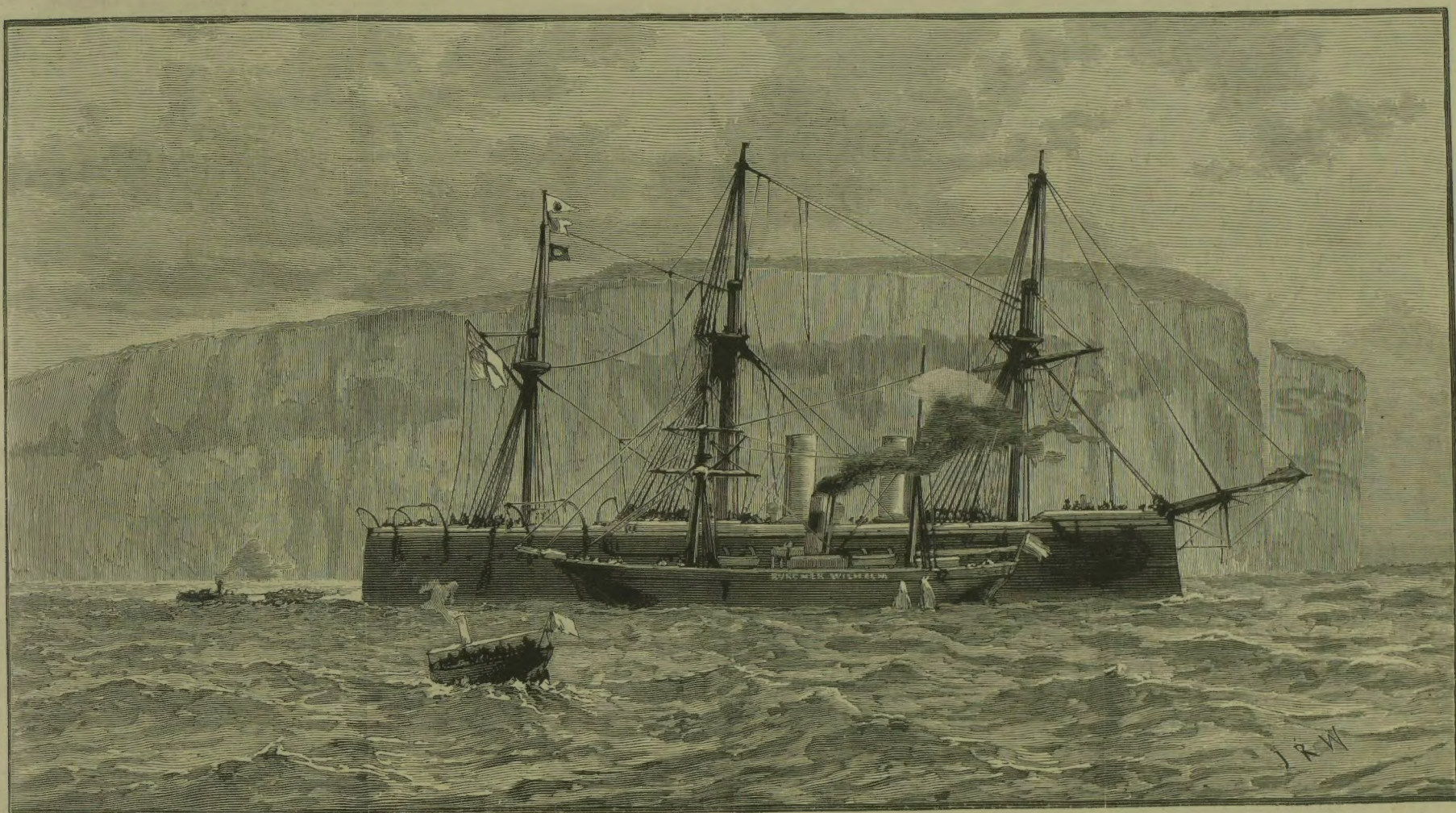
H.M.S. Téméraire.

H.M.S. Sultan.

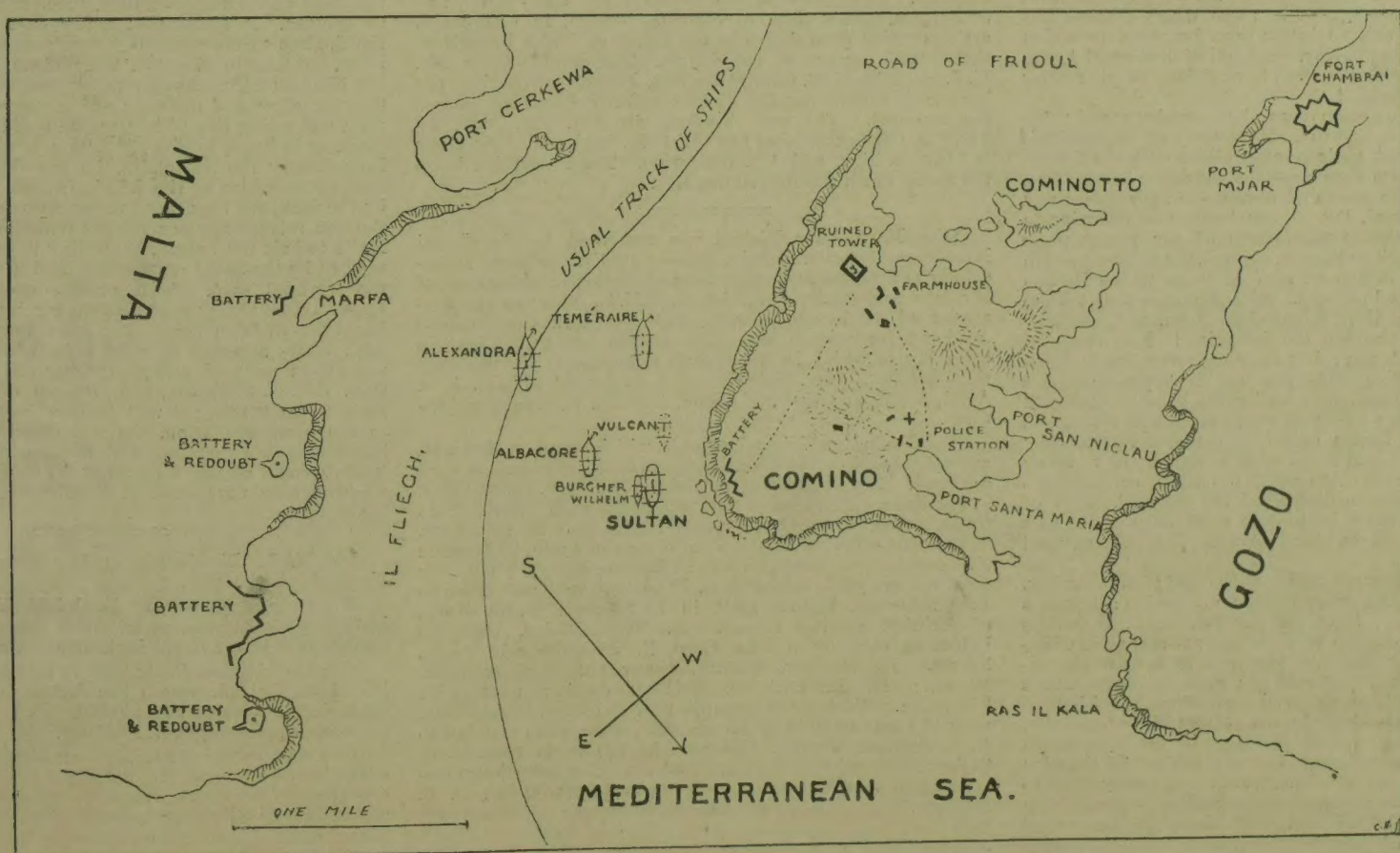
H.M.S. Alexandra.



THE COMINO CHANNEL, WITH THE SULTAN AGROUND.



THE BÜRGER WILHELM PUMPING WATER FROM THE HOLDS OF THE SULTAN.



SKETCH-MAP OF THE CHANNEL BETWEEN MALTA AND THE ISLAND OF COMINO.

WRECK OF H.M.S. SULTAN, NEAR MALTA.

FEATHERS AND BIRDS.

When that Company for the Exposure and Abolition of Popular Fallacies, of which I spoke in a recent number of this esteemed Journal, shall be in full operation, I desire to put before them another mendacious proverb in the hope it may receive its quietus at their hands—another of those felonious falsehoods, or half-truths worse than falsehoods, because more insidious and deceptive—which we unhappily drink in with our mothers' milk, or at least imbibe with our scholastic ink. How often have I not heard and written that quinquedalian commonplace—"Fine feathers make fine birds"! It sounds so well! The artful alliteration catches the ear; and the obvious connection between birds and feathers impresses the reason. It sounds well, and it looks well; and each of us in his turn quite naturally absorbs it as a Great Truth without that sober and dispassionate inquiry which would disclose its shallowness. Once accepted, it becomes a kind of sacred thing, like the Palladium of Athens or the British Constitution. It takes its place among our Lares and Penates; and we come to regard it as we do the axioms of Euclid or the rules of syntax—something much too "bright and good for human nature's daily food." So intense is the inherited conservatism of a freeborn Briton, that at one time he was disposed to resent as irreverent and iconoclastic any meddling with the proverbial philosophies of his grandfathers and great-grandfathers. They represented to him "the wisdom of the many," which he revered as implicitly as the Chinaman reverences the laws of Confucius. He would almost as soon have disbelieved the Pentateuch as a fine old well-seasoned proverb. It was not until the present generation arose, strong in its resolve to believe nothing which it could not understand—some people are rude enough to hint that the limit of its intelligence has determined the exiguity of its belief!—that upon the minds of men dawned a consciousness of the extraordinary fallacies which, in proverbial form, have determined the life and conduct of the people. As, for example, that "fine feathers make fine birds."

They don't! You have taken the assertion to be true because you have never inquired into it. There it was, suspended in your memory, like the votive tablets of the Romans in their temples. You never looked at it, but felt the sanctity of its presence. Had it not been dinned into your childish ears and written out as a text by your childish fingers until it had acquired a prescriptive right to reverence? Long ago when, at the Christmas dance, Charlie Larkins came out in a pair of patent-leather pumps, and, in right of so much bravery, lorded it all over all his compeers, were you not consoled in your mortification by the maternal whisper—"Fine feathers make fine birds"! Ah, mendacious proverb! Were you not instantly filled with a stern determination to get patent pumps before the next brilliant gathering, that you might be as fine a bird as Charlie Larkins? Fond delusion! you know better now. You know that all the fine feathers in the world will not turn a barn-door fowl into a bird-of-paradise! You have seen much of cities and of men, and have learned to detect the counterfeit from the real. You have seen vulgar women in the high places of society arrayed more gorgeously than Solomon in all his glory; but vulgar women still—nay, all the vulgarer for the finery they wore. You have met with men as wealthy as an American railroad-king, and have seen their mansions, their equipages, their pictures, their orchids; and have also seen that all these fine feathers could not conceal the shoddy! A man may add to his name the letters M.P., or prefix to it the monosyllabic "Sir," or quarter on his escutcheon the red hand, and yet be as unclean a bird as you will find in the purlieus of Whitechapel. One has known judges on the bench, in all the gravity of horsehair and ermine—doctors of Divinity in all the seemliness of hood and robe—who have failed to hide their real selves beneath this adventitious insignia. One grows indignant, when one sees these things, at the shallowness, the unveracity of the proverb, and feels inclined to shout in the market-places—"Fine feathers" do not "make fine birds"! No, they make ugly birds uglier. Heaven and earth know no more ridiculous spectacle than that of a jackdaw strutting about with a peacock's tail instead of its natural caudal appendage! We cannot all be fine birds—more's the pity!—but those of us who are not fortunate enough to be born with fine feathers will do well to be content with those which Nature has given us. They will suit us better than borrowed or stolen plumage; and oh! what misery, what toil of heart and brain, what humiliation we shall escape, if we refuse to pine after the peacock's or the eagle's!

Nothing is more common than the irregular use of "fine feathers" in literature and art. How many of our versifiers have tried to prank out their commonplaces with the Tennysonian feathers! There they are—the cadenced blank verse, the rhythmical lilt, the tricks of phrase—so appropriate and beautiful in the original, but so wearisome and offensive in the imitation! In like manner, some of our young prose writers are good enough to borrow, or steal, the feathers which Macaulay wore with so fine an air; or those which Ruskin has borne to such good purpose. Ah! the pains they take to carry the plumage as if it belonged to them, and yet how easily the public sees through the deception! Fine feathers, my friends, we grant you; but they are not yours, and you are by no means the fine birds you would wish us to believe you. This vice of imitation is really the great weakness of current literature. If a writer be happy enough in his genius to strike out a new line, a crowd of copyists immediately swoops down upon him! Goodness knows how many "Treasure Islands" have risen upon the ocean of literature since Mr. R. L. Stevenson discovered the original. And of "Adam Bede" there must be a score since George Eliot first created that conscientious, hard-thinking, tenacious-natured Midland hero.

The truth is, this proverb strikes at the root of all morality. It endorses and sanctions every kind of imposition; it puts a premium upon shams; it consecrates falsehood; it invites you to believe in the majesty of externals; it sets aside whatsoever is of good report, and bids you trust to delusive appearances. "Fine feathers!" Would you give the finest which ever attracted the sambucan or blow-pipe of an Aru islander, and brought to an untimely end some radiant bird-of-paradise, for the music which flows from the heart of the little brown nightingale? And the Argus-eyes of the tail of the imperial bird which drew the car of Juno, would you prefer them to the glorious song of the modest-looking lark, as it poises, high up in the shining air, on even-balanced wings? It is a curious example of the law of compensation which seems to govern the operations of nature, that to the immortal musicians of the wood and the meadow are denied those "fine feathers" which the proverb asserts to be the indispensable attribute and

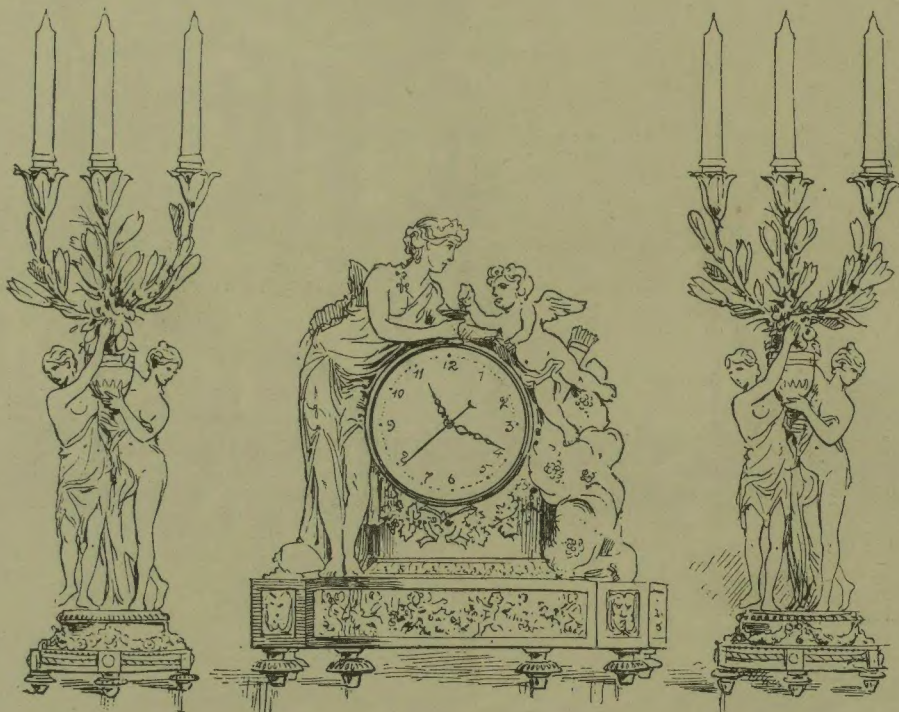
ornament of "fine birds." Herein lies a moral which the world, I think, is beginning to apprehend. For, no doubt, in the eyes of the multitude "fine feathers" hitherto have counted for a good deal, like a guardsman's scarlet uniform in the eyes of a London nursemaid; and stars and garters, ribbons and cocked hats have been invested with a value and an importance to which they had no intrinsic claim. But, *magna est veritas et prevalebit!* The fine feathers are dropping off, and the scarlet rows are being revealed in all their natural hideousness. The birds of the finest feather have been weighed in the balance, and found wanting. The peacock and the bird-of-paradise may still serve a purpose on gala occasions of show and glitter; but for the consolation and inspiration of their everyday life men will turn with wistful hearts to the skylark's morning melody and the nightingale's evening chant. Yes; they are learning that it takes something more than fine feathers to make really fine birds.

It is evident that a careful consideration of this subject would take us into regions of high philosophy where writer and reader might alike lose their way. And it is possible dimly to perceive that it might involve us also in grave problems of social economy. I can even fancy that in matters of Ritualistic controversy some speculation upon the connection between birds and feathers might not always be impertinent. Then, in politics and the science of government, the part played by "fine feathers" has always provoked the curious wonder of the philosopher, who could never admire sufficiently the simplicity with which men have bowed down before them. In our English history we have examples galore of birds which have strutted on the platform of power and distinction simply because born with a suit of fine feathers, or because they have lied and intruded themselves into the possession of one. But I dare not pursue further this course of inquiry, which would lead me beyond my modest design of suggesting, in the interest of public morality, a few reasons why we should reject the old proverbial fallacy, that "fine feathers make fine birds."

W. H. D.-A.

COLONIES' SILVER-WEDDING GIFT TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The gift of the loyal inhabitants of more than fifty British Colonies to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of



CLOCK AND CANDELABRA, PART OF THE SILVER-WEDDING GIFT TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES FROM THE BRITISH COLONIES.

their marriage, the "Silver Wedding" that was celebrated last year, has been presented to them, at Marlborough House, by Lady Knutsford, wife of the Secretary of State for the Colonies. It consists of ten brackets for wall-lights, two candelabra, and a clock of beautiful design, in brass-work, articles which were chosen by the Prince of Wales himself at the special request of the donors. The manufacturer, Mr. H. J. Hatfield, of 86, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, had the honour of submitting the designs to their Royal Highnesses for approval. The wall brackets are 4 ft. 3 in. high, by 1 ft. 8 in.; the candelabra are 1 ft. 11 in. high; and the clock is 1 ft. 9 in. high, and 1 ft. 6 in. wide. The inscription bears the names of all the British Colonies.

Miss Mary Anne Nicholl has presented to the Royal Hibernian Academy, Dublin, fifty-six studies (in finest water-colours) of palms and other flora of Ceylon in memoriam of her late father, Andrew Nicholl, R.H.A., who was the first master of landscape painting and design in the Colombo Academy forty years ago. The studies are as brilliant in colouring, of which he was strictly a master, as the day they were painted. Mr. Nicholl was a native of Belfast, born April, 1803-4, and died in London, April 16, 1886, aged eighty-three.

The Cambridge University sports, which began on March 14, were concluded on the 16th. Some capital performances were achieved. The weight was put 36 ft. 5 in. by C. Rolfe, Clare. T. Jennings, Caius, cleared 5 ft. 9 in. at the high jump. J. L. Greig, Clare, won the 120-yards hurdle-race in 16 2-5 sec. C. E. Green, Christ's, won the mile race in 4 min. 29 4-5 sec.: H. Roughton, St. John's, and E. F. Bulmer, King's, being only eight or nine yards behind him. The 100-yards race went to R. W. Turner, Trinity Hall, in 10 2-5 sec.: H. O. Wade, of Trinity, getting second. R. Willis, Caius, won the half-mile race by a foot from E. F. Bulmer in 2 min. 3-5 sec. H. Woolner, Trinity, threw the hammer 95 ft. 10 in.; H. E. Cotterill, Trinity, coming next with 94 ft. 2 in. Woolner afterwards won a 120-yards handicap, with 5 1-2 yards start, in 12 2-5 sec. The three-miles race fell to E. S. Johnson, Trinity, who won by 120 yards from H. J. Stobart, Pembroke, in 15 min. 35 3-5 sec. The long jump was won by J. L. Greig, Clare, who cleared 21 ft. 4 1-2 in.; E. B. Badcock, Trinity, being second with 20 ft. 8 1-2 in. The quarter-mile race was secured by R. W. Turner, Trinity Hall, by 3 yards from A. W. Charles, Trinity Hall, in 50 3-5 sec. A 600-yards handicap was won from scratch by H. C. Lenox Tindall, the old Blue beating his own record for the distance by running up in 1 min. 12 sec.

ICE CARNIVAL AT THE ALBERT HALL.

Though the title of Ice Carnival was a misnomer, inasmuch as there was nothing carnivalesque about it save the radiant garments of the Society saleswomen, the brilliant Bazaar which the Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, opened on the Fourteenth of March doubtless achieved its object. The ladies depicted arrayed themselves in gay raiment of rainbow hues all for the sake of the fund for rebuilding the West-End Hospital for Diseases of the Nervous System in Welbeck-street, the Secretary of which is Miss Schönberg. The fête, which was organised by Mr. William Whiteley and Mr. D'Arcy De Ferrars, and lasted three days, should have realised a profitable sum for the benevolent institution in Welbeck-street.

The Ice Carnival Bazaar was held in the arena of the Royal Albert Hall, and the comic skating and snow-shoe races took place in the adjoining Conservatory, under the direction of Mr. J. H. Hubbard. Wintry as the style of decoration was in the bazaar, the atmosphere was quite tropical by reason of the crush of visitors. The scene was kaleidoscopic in its dazzling variety. Under the frosted oak in the centre, at one period, Princess Mary and her charmingly-pretty daughter, Princess Victoria of Teck, graciously assisted the Countess of Romney in the sale of flowers. Close by, two radiantly-beautiful English girls, Lady Carew and her sister, Miss Lethbridge, cheerily angled at the fish pond. Ubiquitous was an extremely handsome lady, Miss Walt Whitman, a relative of the American poet, in the picturesque garb of a North American Indian Queen, one of the comely group attached to the Wigwam. Next this was the attractive stall called "Burns's House," served by Lady Heron Maxwell and her captivating daughters. Another of the most attractive stalls was the German Schloss, at which the Comtesse de Morella presided with a cheery smile that won all hearts.

The Marchioness of Waterford directed a Café Chantant; and Miss Helen Murphy proved her skill in palmistry. Lady Seymour, Madame Cellini, Lady Edward Spencer Churchill, Mrs. Ronalds, Madame Nordica, Mrs. Lart, Mrs. Arthur Stannard (authoress of "Boots' Baby"), the Countess of Cottenham, Lady Spencer Clifford, the Marchioness of Carmarthen, Lady William Lennox, Mrs. De Roode, Miss Tibbits, Miss Fortescue, and Mrs. Forbes Winslow were also among the busy stall-holders. Mr. Van Der Weyde took our photograph of Dr. L. Forbes Winslow, the well-known physician to the West-End Hospital for Diseases of the Nervous System. It was a daughter of Dr. Forbes Winslow, Miss Dulcie Winslow, who presented a bouquet to Princess Mary on the opening day. We may also mention that Dr. Herbert Tibbits is the senior physician of the hospital, and is known as the chief introducer of Massage in the treatment of nervous diseases at the West-End Hospital, which is under the immediate patronage of the Princess of Wales and the Duke of Portland.

The refined and artistic performance of Mr. Poole's "Petit Orchestre de Salon" contributed largely to the success of the carnival, its beautiful music and charming costume being equally admired.

WRECK OF H.M.S. SULTAN.

The efforts made during seven days after the disaster to this fine ship, related in our last, to get her off the rocks at Comino, a little island between Malta and Gozo, did not prove successful. On Thursday, March 14, she sank in deep water, and it is doubtful whether she can be raised. The Sultan, an ironclad ship of 9290 tons, with 7250-horse power engines, carrying nineteen guns, was commanded by Captain Ernest Rice, and was attached to the Mediterranean Squadron, which was at Malta under command of his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, his flag-ship being H.M.S. Alexandra. On Wednesday, March 6, the Sultan went out of Valletta Harbour for manoeuvres. She was practising with torpedoes in the channel called "I Flieghi"; and while fishing for a torpedo that she had discharged she struck on a sunken rock, about four hundred yards from the shore. The Admiralty charts show no rocks here, but a clear channel ten fathoms deep. The coast being very rugged and steep, a considerable depth of water would be expected, especially so far out in the channel; but there was an unknown rock, which cruelly gored the sides of the Sultan. It seems that a few days before this disaster the English steamer Vulcan struck ground in nearly the same place, but more to the south. The Vulcan, however, got off with but little damage. As soon as the Sultan struck ground, she flew the signals of distress; and a merchant-steamer passing near, and seeing the mishap, put on speed and entered Valletta Harbour in haste, to give the alarm to the naval authorities. Immediately the Alexandra, the flag-ship of his Royal Highness, accompanied by the Téméraire and Albacore, as well as by the dockyard tugs, went to the scene of the disaster. The German salvage-steamer Bürger Wilhelm, which had come to Malta to help the Vulcan, happening to be in port, was at once utilised by the naval authorities, and was employed to pump the stranded ship. Some pumps belonging to local ship-builders were also pressed into the service, and were rigged on board the ill-fated ship. The guns were thrown overboard, with buoys attached to mark their whereabouts; the heavy spars were removed, and everything was done to lighten the ship. Mr. J. S. Galizia, B.A., student of medicine at Malta, has drawn our map: it will be seen how exposed the place is to the north-east wind, the much-dreaded "Grecale." The batteries and towers marked on the map are interesting reminiscences of the Knights of Malta. One of the Sketches was drawn by Captain J. C. Middlemass, R.E.; the other by Mr. Galizia.

Mr. H. L. Bisschoffsheim has presented £250 to the Hospitals' Association.

Mr. Richard Benyon, of Englefield House, near Reading, has given £500 to the special fund being raised to mark the Jubilee year of the Royal Berkshire Hospital at Reading.

The Birmingham Daily Gazette states that the will of the late Miss Ryland, whose benefactions to Birmingham are estimated at a value of £180,000, has been proved, the gross personalty being sworn at £747,702.

Last year nearly 269 millions of articles, including money-orders, were sent out for delivery by the Indian Post Office, and about 97 per cent of these were duly delivered. Of letters and parcels there was an increase 14,000,000 over the previous year. In the Bombay and Calcutta Dead-Letter Offices last year upwards of 6000 letters and post-cards were received with no address whatever written upon them. In Bombay "only one or two of these envelopes with blank faces contained English letters, the writers in these cases being ladies."

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Marquis of Salisbury, just to keep his hand in, resumes now and again his old habit of forging ironic bolts for the delectation of the House of Lords. On the Eighteenth of March, after Lord Elphinstone, in his frank and sailor-like way, had enlightened Lord Sidmouth as to the grounding of the unfortunate ironclad Sultan on a rock unmarked in the chart, the Prime Minister gave two illustrations of his characteristic quality. Both were neat.

On Lord Denman submitting his Duration of Speeches Bill, the Premier moved its rejection, remarking that he had not noticed "the evil of undue prolixity" in their Lordships' House, and adding "When our condition becomes similar to what it is in another place, I shall be glad to accept the assistance of an old friend."

Unsuccessful on this point (one which might yet be profitably considered by the Commons), Lord Denman next rose as counsel for "The Weaker Sex," but was bowled out by the same eminent "Parliamentary hand." Albeit Lord Salisbury avowed he rather concurred with the noble Lord on the principle of his Women's Suffrage Bill, he insisted that "it is an important principle that each House should take care of its own constitution. I am not very anxious to encourage the House of Commons to make proposals as to the constitution of this House; and nothing will encourage them more in this respect than for this House to meddle with the constitution of the other." Twitted dextrously by Earl Granville as to his favourable opinion of the measure, and as to the probability of the Bill having greater weight if introduced by the Government in the other House, Lord Salisbury adroitly replied that he had only expressed his personal feeling in the matter, and could not speak at all on the part of his colleagues. Twenty-five minutes sufficed their Lordships for the discussion of questions which would probably have occupied the verbose Commons an entire evening. The Marquis of Salisbury, it may be mentioned, on the Nineteenth of March made a most cogent speech to his Watford neighbours on the all-engrossing Irish Question.

There was such a large gathering of the Commons at question-time on Monday, the Eighteenth of March, that exciting events were evidently expected. The House was wellnigh at its fullest when Mr. Gladstone entered, and took his accustomed seat between Mr. John Morley and Sir William Harcourt on the front Opposition bench. The

right hon. gentleman, plainly rejuvenated by his restful sojourn at Naples with Mrs. Gladstone, bears himself far more confidently now than he did ten years ago, when he was within a twelvemonth of his second Premiership, and was in the habit of slipping meekly, almost humbly, into the self-same seat. He is now absolutely more erect than he was then. He comports himself, indeed, with a buoyant elation that implies he feels victory almost within his grasp. Mr. Gladstone's remarkable activity was shown, on this particular Monday afternoon, by the nimble dexterity with which he wrote a letter on the pad resting on his knees after he had, amid Irish cheers, interrogated calmly-phlegmatic Mr. Balfour with respect to a proposed Committee of Inquiry on Mr. William O'Brien's apparently harsh prison treatment.

A few other salient features of the same Inquisition on Ministers claimed notice. Possibly because it was the morrow of "St. Patrick's Day in the morning," the Liberal and Irish Home Rule members found cause for jubilant ironic cheering in Mr. Balfour's admission that he had forwarded Dr. Barr's letter for insertion in the *Times*; and likewise for Colonel Laurie's pointed question to Mr. Brodrick. That smart young Minister manfully "stood to his guns," and was triumphantly cheered by Ministerialists when he disclaimed all intention of bringing his heavy artillery to bear for electioneering purposes at Gorton. We admire pluck in the Commons; and Mr. Brodrick's resonant little speech was not received with disfavour even on the Opposition benches, albeit a few derisive Party cheers could not be restrained. Nerved by his hon. friend's resolute bearing in face of his political foes, Mr. W. H. Smith showed an equally bold front to the cognate attack of Mr. T. P. O'Connor regarding the Govan pie-crust promises of a similar nature. Mr. Smith appeared so well, indeed, that it is difficult to believe the reports as to his indisposition have any foundation in fact.

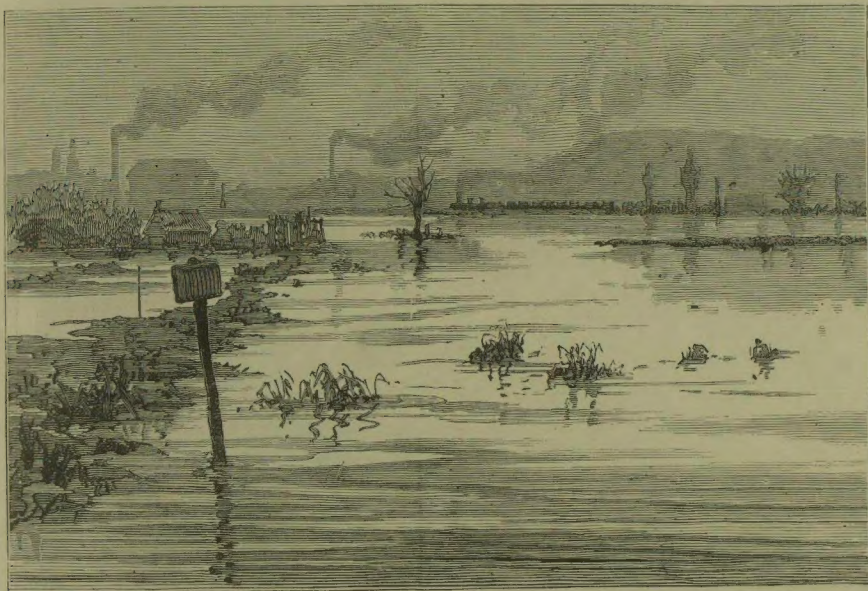
Then rose Sir William Harcourt in his most artistically solemn and ponderous manner to dolefully complain that Mr. Beaufoy, the new member for Kennington, could not take his seat because the Clerk of the Crown had not received the writ. It may be remarked, by-the-by, that the delay was inexcusable, inasmuch as the result of the election giving the Liberal candidate a majority of 630 over Mr. P. Beresford-Hope was known on the preceding Friday night, and was the occasion, indeed, of a lively little demonstration in the House. The Speaker could only authoritatively inform Sir William Harcourt that Mr. Beaufoy could not take his seat until the writ came to hand; but added that he would instruct counsel to

move in the matter if any irregularity had been committed. As it was, owing to official neglect, Mr. Beaufoy had to postpone the momentary gratification of marching up the floor of the House, inspired by the lusty cheers from the Liberal and Irish benches.

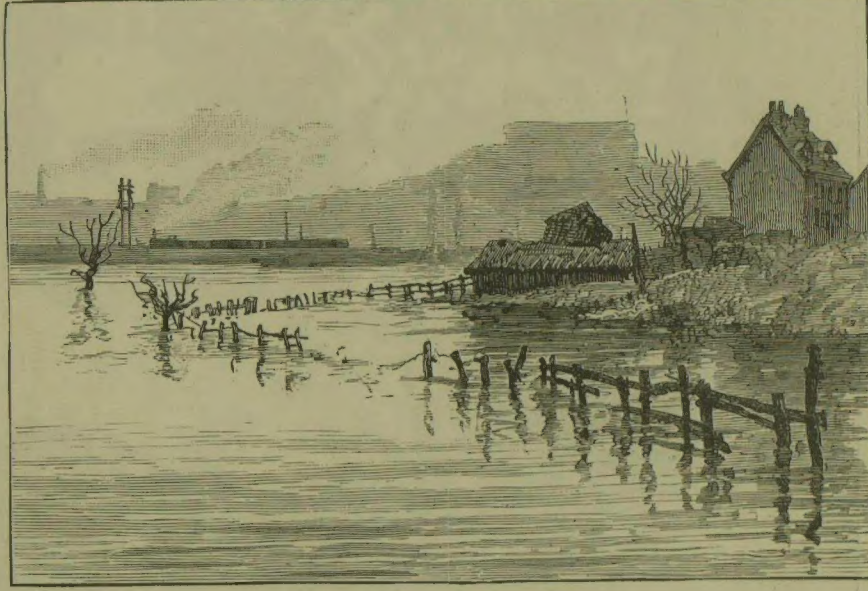
What a contrast to the full and lively House when the Speaker retired, and Mr. Leonard Courtney climbed into his seat at the head of the table as Chairman of Committee of Ways and Means! The constituencies should see how swiftly the great bulk of hon. members—Ministers and Opposition chiefs included—slip out of the House to engage in pleasanter occupations directly the weighty business of voting Millions commences. To their credit be it said, Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Hanbury, Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. Henry Labouchere, Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Harry Lawson are generally assiduous in their attendance in Committee, and in the attention they pay to the estimates. But, as a rule, they have to defend economy in the discouraging presence of a beggarly array of empty benches. Thus was the House rapidly thinned on this Eighteenth of March, when Mr. Courtney resumed his chair, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer defended the Civil Service Supplementary Estimates. So anxious were Mr. Smith and Mr. Goschen to push forward the Services votes that the First Lord of the Treasury on the following day moved that Supply should have precedence over all other notices of motion. But Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. T. Healy, and others entered energetic remonstrances against this method of Ministerial dispatch—doughty Sir William Harcourt boisterously foreshadowing a sharp assault upon the Attorney-General for his conduct of the *Times* case in the Special Commission. Yet the Government, supported by the Liberal Unionists, gained their way by the good round majority of 104. Secure in their voting strength, Ministers steeled themselves to bear with equanimity the slings and arrows of what they regard as the outrageous Opposition.

THE FLOODS AT NOTTINGHAM.

Some account has been given of the distressing floods that visited many districts of the Midlands and the West of England on Friday and Saturday, March 8 and 9, inundating the lower parts of several large towns. Our Sketches of the scenes at Bristol and Taunton appeared last week; those now presented, which were taken by a Nottingham correspondent,



NOTTINGHAM, FROM THE CLIFTON COLLIERY.



THE MEADOWS AT NOTTINGHAM.

THE RECENT FLOODS.

Mr. T. T. Rowe, show the overflow of the Trent, where the flood attained the height of the memorable inundation of 1877. The valley of the Trent to the south of the town, and towards Clifton, presented the appearance of a vast lake. Hundreds of houses in the lower portion of the town had their rooms flooded. In some of the riverside villages great inconvenience was caused, the roads being rendered impassable. From the rapid rise of the water, some difficulty was experienced in rescuing cattle, and at Fishby forty sheep were drowned.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Senate has given permission to the Government to prosecute M. Naquet by 213 votes to 58. After a stormy debate in the Chamber of Deputies, the prosecution of the Deputies concerned in the League of Patriots was authorised by 334 to 227 votes.—General Boulanger presided on March 17 at a banquet at Tours, and made a long speech on the present political situation in France. He repudiated all idea of establishing a Dictatorship or restoring the Monarchy and appealed to all good Frenchmen to help him in consolidating and purifying the Republic.—Admiral Krantz has been appointed Minister of Marine in succession to the late Admiral Jaurès. The Chamber of Deputies voted unanimously a credit of 10,000*fr.* to defray the expenses of the obsequies of the late Admiral.—The Franco-Russian fête given at Paris on the 16th was exceptionally brilliant. The fête was organised under the honorary presidency of General Appert and Admiral Likatcheff. The receipts were given to the Association Française de Bienfaisance at St. Petersburg. The Russian National Hymn was sung by a chorus of the first artists in Europe, conducted by M. Gounod. The interior of the Opera-House was magnificently decorated.—Meetings of the principal Paris bankers took place at the Ministry of Finance on the 17th, to discuss the affairs of the Comptoir d'Escompte. M. Rouvier asked for a subscription of 40,000,000*fr.* The Directors of the Bank of France held a meeting and decided to advance a further sum of 20,000,000*fr.* Contributions from Messrs. Rothschild and the Crédit Foncier have now raised the total to 36,000,000*fr.*

The anniversary of the birthday of King Humbert was celebrated on March 14 with loyal demonstrations throughout the kingdom. His Majesty held a brilliant military review, and afterwards laid the foundation-stone of the Courts of Justice. On both occasions the King was enthusiastically cheered by the people.

Divine service was celebrated at the Belgrade Cathedral on Sunday, March 17, in connection with the accession of King Alexander. The procession through the streets was in the midst of a blinding fall of snow. At the close of the service, the Metropolitan delivered an exhortation to the people. A torchlight procession, organised by the inhabitants in honour

of the accession of King Alexander, took place at night in front of the Royal Palace. The young King, with his father, appeared in the centre of the balcony, while the Regents and Ministers stood on their right and left. The Burgomaster having given an address expressing the devotion of the people to King Alexander, King Milan replied thanking the people on behalf of his son, and abjuring them to remain united in love for their new King, and to respect the lawful position of the Regents. At the conclusion of the ex-King's speech, the Burgomaster presented King Alexander with a memorial of the occasion splendidly engrossed on parchment. King Milan arrived on the 19th at Buda-Pesth, and in the afternoon dined with the Emperor.

Mr. Cleveland, the ex-President of the United States, has been unanimously elected member of the New York Bar Association.—Mr. Whitelaw Reid has been appointed Minister to France, and Mr. Julius Goldschmidt has been appointed Consul-General in Vienna for the States.

The *Capetown Gazette* publishes an official declaration to the effect that Lo Bengula repudiates the sovereignty of Portugal and rules his country under British influence.—The Presidents of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State have concluded a defensive alliance, by which either State agrees to assist the other in the event of a war declared justly.

We learn from Sydney that all the Ministers composing Sir Henry Parkes's new Administration have been re-elected unopposed.

A beautiful pastoral staff has been presented to the Bishop of Wakefield by a number of Huddersfield churchmen. It is most elaborately and artistically ornamented.

The deaths registered in London for the week ending March 16 were 1639, being 266 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

The Right Hon. H. C. Raikes, M.P., Postmaster-General, presided at the eighteenth annual meeting of the Post Office Orphan Homes Institution, held at the General Post Office on March 19. The report stated that since the foundation of the institution in 1870, no less than 255 fatherless children had been boarded, clothed, and educated, and in many cases provided with situations upon leaving the institution. During the past year twenty-two children were placed on the funds, and sixteen left, the total number under the care of the institution at the present time being 129. The balance sheet for the year ended Dec. 31 showed total receipts amounting to £5333, which included subscriptions, &c., from the public £2093, and the expenditure was £3392. The excess of income over expenditure for the past year was £479, which, with the balance brought forward from last year, left a balance of £1941. The membership of the institution is 1500. The chairman, having referred to the philanthropic character of the institution, remarked upon the

zealous and faithful manner in which, he said, the postal servants discharged their duty. He concluded by presenting to Mr. Arthur Edward Keevil, a postman, an honorary testimonial of the Royal Humane Society, together with a P.O.O. for £1, for having saved a person from drowning in the Grand Surrey Canal, Rotherhithe, in July last.

A semi-official note has been published in Vienna contradicting authoritatively a rumour that Sir A. Paget, the British Ambassador in that capital, was about to be recalled.

Colonel Sir William Lockhart, K.C.B., C.S.I., has been appointed to succeed General Sir Charles Brownlow, G.C.B., as Assistant Military Secretary for Indian Affairs at the Horse Guards.

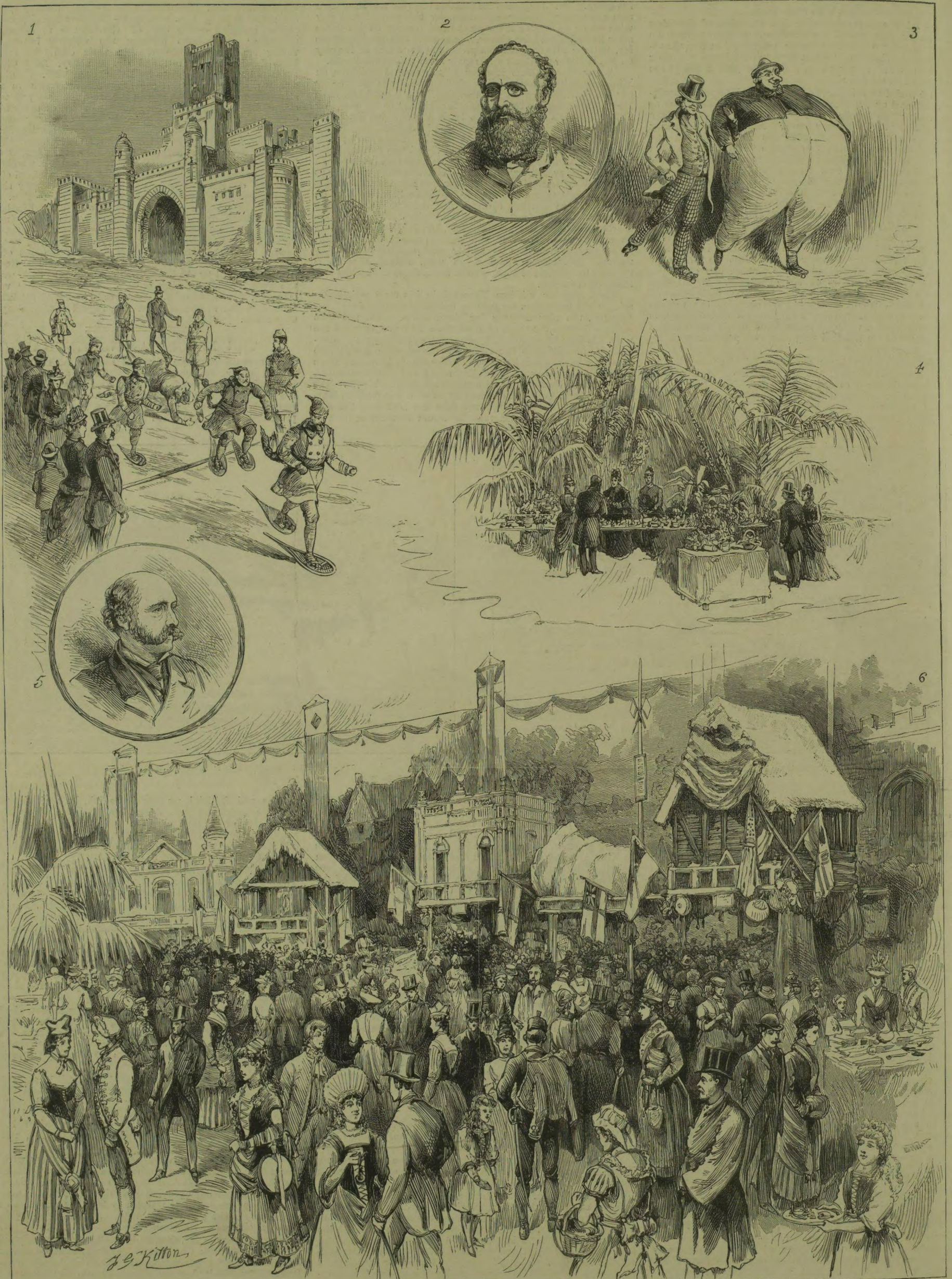
In the Court of Session, Edinburgh, on March 19, an action for breach of promise of marriage, by Miss Annie Macfarlane against Mr. Alexander Hogg, a sugar broker in Glasgow, was settled. The defendant agreed to pay the plaintiff £1000 and her legal expenses.

An important memorandum has been issued from the War Office to general officers commanding districts, the Brigadier-Generals of the Volunteer brigades in the home-defence scheme, &c., to take steps to select places as the recognised quarters of each brigade and points of assembly for mobilisation.

The revenue received from April 1 to March 16 amounts to £83,896,722, or £1,802,322 less than the £85,699,044 received in the corresponding period ending March 17, 1888. The expenditure up to March 16 was £79,209,844, being £1,286,706 less than the expenditure for the similar period of 1887-8. The balances on March 16 amounted to £7,508,193, and on March 17, 1888, to £10,095,957.

The twenty-fifth anniversary dinner in connection with the Home for Little Boys, Farnham and Swanley, was held on March 19, at the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole, under the presidency of Mr. E. S. Hanbury. The total number of boys at present in the Home is 293. Subscriptions and donations to the amount of £1500, including 100 guineas from the chairman, were announced.

The marriage of Mr. Charles E. N. Charrington, only son of the late Mr. Charles Charrington, 4, Hyde Park-gardens, and Miss Monica De Lapasture, daughter of Count and Countess De Lapasture, took place on March 19, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Brighton. The bride was given away by her father, Count De Lapasture; and a cousin of the bridegroom, Mr. Frank Charrington, was best man. The eight bridesmaids were Misses Helen and Madge De Lapasture; Miss Charrington, cousin of the bridegroom; Miss Dawson, Misses Minnie and Edith Stafford, cousins of the bride; Miss Marie Lindsay Cox, and Miss B. Loughnam. Master De Lapasture acted as train-bearer. A reception was afterwards held in the Royal Pavilion.



1. Ice-Palace of Montreal, with Snow-Shoe Race.

2. Dr. Herbert Tibbits, M.D., Senior Physician, West-End Hospital.

3. Comic Skaters.

4. H.R.H. Duchess of Teck's Stall under Palms.

5. Dr. L. Forbes Winslow, M.D.

6. General View of the Fancy Bazaar.



LITTLE GRANDMOTHER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. W. SALMON, WINCHESTER.

A PACK-OUTFIT.

This is one of the modes of travelling for sport or exploration in the Western States of North America, in the region of the Rocky Mountains. The great advantage of a pack-outfit is that all the impedimenta of the expedition are carried on horses; mules or donkeys are sometimes employed. High mountain ranges can thus be visited, where there is no recognised trail, and where a waggon could not possibly travel. The disadvantages are the trouble of packing each horse so that the pack remains in position during the march, and the frequency of sore backs in some of the horses, even with the most skilful management. One of our Sketches represents the scene before leaving the ranch. The horses stand around, some being already packed, others now undergoing the operation, and some awaiting their turn. Those which have been packed must be watched, or they will try to lie down and roll: the result of such a proceeding may easily be imagined. If the balance of the pack is so disturbed, all has to be rearranged. Some horses strongly object, and, on feeling the weights, buck around, as Bay Billy does in this case. After the start, a stampede may occur; and in five minutes all is in confusion. A horse has been frightened and has broken away; others follow suit; pots and pans, rugs, and potatoes are scattered over the plain, and a good hour is wasted in catching the run-aways, in picking up the luggage, and in repacking. When on the march, also, some of the horses seem to have a peculiar faculty for getting into trouble. In crossing a stream, they will choose the worst place and get bogged; and, even if led, they will not follow in the trail, but will try to pass by what seems to them a shorter route, attempting to go between trees closely growing together, where the pack cannot pass; and both leader and led are brought up, so to speak, with a "round turn." However, with patience, all obstacles are overcome; and after two or three marches, both horses and men become accustomed to their work. The sport to be obtained by hunters in the region of the Rocky Mountains amply repays the trouble of such an expedition.

NEW BOOKS.

Love-Letters of Famous Men and Women of the Past and Present Century. Edited by J. T. Merdew. Two vols. (Remington and Co.).—Bookmaking, or the mechanical collection of stale old printed stuff to make new volumes for sale, is exemplified in this publication, which has no proper literary work about it. The editorship of any writings of past times, especially of private letters, ought to be a work of knowledge and judgment. It demands conscientious thought of what is fit to be republished, a due regard to the taste and sentiment of this age, and some guiding principle worthy of illustration, as well as diligent research and methodical commentary or annotation. These volumes are so utterly deficient in all such respects, and their contents, for the most part, are so bad in original quality, that we scarcely think the seductive title will gain many readers. Amatory correspondence between low-minded persons, who happen to have obtained a passing social notoriety, might perhaps tickle the prurient love of scandal in their own generation. To peruse it now, fifty or a hundred and fifty years after their death, is tedious and disgusting. The fops and flirts and fools, male and female, of Queen Anne's reign and those of the Four Georges, do not appeal to our esteem or sympathy. Their manners were too artificial, their ideas too conventional, their affectations too cumbrous, their morals often too nauseous, for them to command any strong interest towards the close of the nineteenth century. Vice, no doubt, has still its dupes and victims; but its procedure is simpler and more direct, as are likewise the ways of virtue, of honour, of courtesy, and all the business of modern English life. With the wearing of powdered wigs, small-swords, lace ruffles, purple coats, and brocade waistcoats, by the one sex, and of hoops and furbelows, of face-paint and face-patches, by the other, with the gold or amber snuff-box and the "clouded cane" of Sir Plume, we have discarded also the hypocritical circumlocution of addresses by fine gentlemen to fine ladies. Contempt, too profound for ridicule, would now be provoked by the high-flown compliments which men of talent, aspiring to be deemed men of fashion, wrote and sent to women of society, perhaps rather with a view to the fame of a victorious intrigue than to gratify a real passion. Such are the letters of Farquhar, Congreve, and Lord Peterborough, early in this collection. As for those of Steele, Pope, Swift, and Sterne, these men, of a certain rank in literary history, are known to be no models of fidelity or domestic virtue; they had wits, but no hearts worth giving to a woman. Steele, the "obsequious husband" of his flattered but dissatisfied "Prue," showed questionable sincerity in much of his behaviour. The best letters we meet here, indeed, are not love-letters at all, but are those written in reply, by sensible and high-spirited women, declining the proposals of their pretended adorers, or explaining the objections to proposed marriage. Mrs. Howard, afterwards Lady Suffolk, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, could express their views upon such occasions forcibly and clearly. Literary men, in general, appear to singular disadvantage in a correspondence of this kind. But there is no justification for classing with "love-letters," in the ordinary sense, those of David Hume to Madame De Boufflers, which were communications only of intelligent friendship; or Dr. Johnson's and Mrs. Piozzi's; or Horace Walpole's, in his cheerful old age, to the young Misses Berry; or those of Jeremy Bentham; or those of Southey to Caroline Bowles. Almost the very worst specimens of elaborate composition in this line are the letters of Burns to a Mrs. Maclellan, whom he styled Clorinda; their tone is odiously affected and pretentious. He, at any rate, could write good love-songs; but the verses composed by such good authors as Cowper, in his youth, Sheridan, and several others, for the expression of this feeling in their own persons, are remarkably poor and feeble. Byron, on the other hand, was a great master of passionate poetry, but never a gentleman in his treatment of women; his parting letter to Lady Caroline Lamb, mad and vain as she was, seems brutally cruel and insulting. The infatuation of poor Keats for Miss Fanny Brawne, and the fierce violence with which he demanded to control her actions, were not proofs of a manly character; but Hazlitt's "Liber Amoris," a deliberate record of his own folly in worshipping a girl of no character, is still more humiliating. If poets, critics, scholars, philosophers, and wits have cut silly figures in their love affairs, so have noblemen and statesmen, warriors and princes. The higher their rank, the lower their baseness in seeking wanton gratification by the dishonour of women, to whose happiness afterwards their Royal Highnesses were entirely indifferent. The Duke of Cumberland's correspondence with Lady Grosvenor, in the last century; the degrading connection of the Duke of York, in 1805, with Mrs. Clarke, leading to gross abuses of military patronage; and the intrigue of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., with Mrs. Fitzherbert, are quite old stories. Their letters are certainly not worthy of perusal for any merits of style or thought, or for the interest of the situation, least of all for the individual character of the writers, commonplace profligates with no distinction but their rank. Lord Nelson's connection with Lady Hamilton, of which the nation that

admired and rewarded his services was justly ashamed, is spoken of, in the notice here, with a palliating gloss that conceals its most repulsive incidents. There is an unwholesome flavour in nine-tenths of the contents of these two volumes, which are, moreover, intolerably dull and rapid, for the most part, and entirely stale.

Modern Methuselahs (Nonagenarians or Centenarians). By J. Burn Bailey (Chapman and Hall).—Longevity, far short of the mythical or miraculous, but reaching within short count of a hundred years, is by itself a remarkable, though not of necessity an enviable, distinction. In a few persons, whose lives are described in this volume, it has been combined with more or less other distinction, in art, science, literature, or philanthropy. There is reason to believe that these pursuits, affording constant and regular intellectual exercise, and in their successful practice encouraging the healthy sentiment of benevolence, are favourable to the prolongation of life, when they are not accompanied by professional rivalries and pecuniary cares. Beneficed clergymen, judges, and amateur philosophers or historians, go on expounding theological, legal, critical, or other doctrines, previously fixed in their own minds, till long past eighty, and their brains do not wear out. They die, of course, some time or other, from a congestion of the lungs or failure of the heart's action; but cool thinking or dispassionate study, done in a leisurely manner, has never killed a man, and never will. The want of brain exercise, on the contrary, when men of business retire at fifty or sixty to what they call rest, indisposed for active recreation or social converse, has shortened many lives. As for rules of diet and the like, they all come to the common prudence of avoiding specific diseases, especially those of the alimentary system; and the old man who has been accustomed to flesh-meat, alcohol, and tobacco had better continue to use them, in moderation, as long as he can. Let him avoid fatigue of body and guard against chills, take a nap or two in the daytime, and feed at intervals of four hours on whatever he likes, taking care of his digestion, and dismissing worldly troubles. The example of Luigi Cornaro, the celebrated Venetian, who daily weighed out for his food precisely twelve ounces of bread and eggs and flesh and broth, with fourteen ounces of drink, is rather curious than commendable for general practice. He was a man who in his thirty-fifth year had ruined his constitution by gluttony and wine-bibbing and other excesses; at forty, he invented this methodical regimen, and lived happily about sixty years after. Cornaro's writings obtained some repute. Dr. Cheyne, having been addicted to "free indulgence in the pleasures of the table," and being inconvenienced by "enormous corpulency," adopted a milk and vegetable diet, wrote treatises upon it, and died at seventy-two. The late Lord Lucan, at fifty, having kept a good cook and a choice cellar, found himself sadly deranged in health; he became a disciple of Cornaro, stinting himself to eight ounces of solid food daily, and in his seventy-fifth year expired of heart disease. Either of these persons would probably have died much sooner if he had not altered his habits; but no one of them is necessarily an example for those who have never injured their health by improper diet. Any great and sudden change in this matter, after sixty, is likely to be dangerous, but one should dine rather lightly, and attend more to breakfast and lunch. Enough of these precepts; and so with regard to early sleeping, early rising, bathing, and other wholesome practices, as they add to the comfort of life, they may favour its duration, but some notable long-livers have neglected those beneficial habits. St. Anthony, who lived in his cave to the age of 105, was usually kept awake fighting devils all night, and was only washed once, by having to wade across a river: cleanliness is next to godliness, but he was so taken up with this that he never came to the next. Mrs. Lewson, of Drury-lane, who lived to 106; Elizabeth Durieux, of Savoy, reputed to be 119; and Mrs. Dyer, visited by Crabb Robinson in her hundredth year, were dirty women, though otherwise respectable; they held that people who wash themselves are sure to catch cold. The ancient practice of oiling the skin after the warm bath was doubtless a preventive: several Greek poets, orators, and philosophers approached their hundredth year. Isocrates, at that age, put an end to his life by voluntary starvation, in despair at the overthrow of Greek freedom. The great Italian painter Titian, who loved convivial festivity, died in his hundredth year of the plague; while Michel Angelo, Sansovino, Giovanni Bellini, and Spinello Aretino, lived to ninety or over; and these artists worked to the last. Literary studies have proved not less compatible with longevity: Fontenelle, with a delicate chest but a good stomach, being a noted epicure, lived nearly to his hundredth year. Intellectual vacuity, as Sir Benjamin Brodie has observed, drowsy indolence of mind, the lack of stimulus to the brain and nerves, tend often to shorten life. On the other hand, we hear of aged paupers in workhouses living to be centenarians; but they may not have had much of brains. Mental activity, free from anxiety, is certainly the best preservative; and as this is maintained by reading, writing, and joining in talk, the eye-sight and hearing are invaluable to aged persons, though taste and smell and the fine sense of touch may be lost without a murmur. That the mind in old age becomes more purely intellectual, despite the faintness of fresh impressions and the failure of imaginative vivacity, may often be noticed. The stores of knowledge and experience acquired in the past have resulted in thoughts, to which the feeble tongue and hand cannot give adequate expression, but which are a source of contemplative delight. Among these interesting memoirs are those of Miss Caroline Herschel, partner of her eminent brother's astronomical labours, who died, serene and bright, at ninety-seven; and of Mrs. Somerville, the mathematician, who was at work on the differential calculus and quaternions in her ninety-second year. Conversation, society, sport, and business for the welfare of mankind—not pursued for selfish vanity and ambition—seem to have aided long living as well as scientific studies. Mrs. Garrick, born in 1725, lived to 1822, being lively, warm-hearted, and affectionate, and a delightful talker, fondly remembering her "dear Davy." Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, died in his hundredth year: he would talk with great animation of the historical events of eighty or ninety years within his own recollection. The venerable Sir Moses Montefiore probably sustained, rather than exhausted, his bodily vigour by his personal exertions in the cause of charity. Mr. Bailey's instructive book, which ought to have had a more proper title, contains many other biographical notices, including those of Miss Agnes Baillie, of Hampstead; Lady Smith, widow of the botanist; the Rev. Canon Beadon, of Southampton; and Miss Hastings, of Malvern. He discusses the historic doubts of the late Mr. Thoms on the question of centenarianism, and gives up the cases of Old Parr, Old Jenkins, and the old Countess of Desmond. We are inclined, on the whole, to believe that 110 is about the extreme limit of human life, and that the mental faculties cannot be good for much beyond the hundredth year. But there is many an old man or woman of ninety whose intelligence is as clear and bright as it ever was, and it is by the active brain, with the sound heart, that such persons are kept alive.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF RADNOR.

The Right Hon. Sir Jacob Pleydell Bouverie, fourth Earl of Radnor, Viscount Folkestone, Baron Longford, Baron Pleydell Bouverie, and a Baronet, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Wilts, died on March 11 at Longford Castle, aged seventy-three. He succeeded to the family honours at the decease of his father, William, third Earl, in 1869; he was educated at Harrow and Christchurch, Oxford; married, Oct. 3, 1840, Lady Mary Augusta Frederica, third daughter of the first Earl of Verulam, and was left a widower, April 5, 1879. His issue consists of eight sons and four daughters. The eldest son, William, Viscount Folkestone, P.C., M.P. for Middlesex, Treasurer of her Majesty's Household, now fifth Earl of Radnor, born June 19, 1841, is married to Helen Matilda, sister of the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P., of Blankney, and has issue.

SIR W. STAWELL.

Sir William Foster Stawell, K.C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of the colony of Victoria, died on March 12, at Naples, in his seventy-fourth year. He was son of Mr. Jonas Stawell, of Old Court, in the county of Cork, by Anne Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of the Right Rev. William Foster, D.D., Bishop of Cork and Ross; was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; and was called to the Bar at King's Inns, Dublin, in 1839. He was Chancellor of the University of Melbourne, 1881 to 1882; Attorney-General of Victoria, 1851 to 1857; and Chief Justice of Victoria, 1857 to 1886. He was Governor of Victoria since the latter date. The deceased gentleman received the honour of knighthood in 1857, and was made Knight-Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George in 1886. He married, in 1856, Mary Frances Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. William Pomeroy Greene, Royal Navy.

GENERAL LONGFIELD.

General John Longfield, C.B., Colonel-Commandant, King's Liverpool Regiment, died on Feb. 27, at his residence, Kilcoleman, near Bandon, in the county of Cork. He was born in 1804, the second son of Colonel John Longfield, of Longueville, in the county of Cork, by Eleanor, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Lucas, of Mount Lucas, in the King's County. He entered the Army in 1825, became Captain in 1835, Major in 1844, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1846, Colonel in 1854, Major-General in 1860, Lieutenant-General in 1869, General in 1876, and Colonel Liverpool Regiment in 1881. He commanded the 2nd Brigade at the Siege of Delhi in 1857, the Reserve during the assault and in the city during the six days' fighting that ensued. For these services he received a medal with clasp and the Companionship of the Bath. The deceased General married, April 29, 1861, Frances Patience, daughter of the Rev. Mountfort Longfield, M.A., Rector of Desertsarges, near Cork, and leaves an only child, John Edmund, who was born in 1865, and is Captain 9th Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. John Evans, Christchurch, Oxon., for half a century Vicar of Whixall, Shropshire, in his ninety-third year.

Mr. Striker-Finnis, Deputy-Lieutenant of Kent, and deputy chairman of the Dover Harbour Board, on March 9.

The Rev. Henry Pearce, M.A., for fifty-four years Rector of St. John the Baptist, Bedford, after a few hours' illness, on March 2, aged eighty-two.

Lady Witham (Jane), widow of Sir Charles Witham, Lieutenant Royal Navy, and daughter of Mr. John Hoy, of Stoke-by-Nayland, in the county of Suffolk, on March 6, in her eighty-ninth year.

The Dowager Lady Willoughby de Broke, at Kington House, Warwick, on March 7. She was a daughter of Major-General Taylor, of Oggwell, Devonshire; and married, in 1842, the ninth Lord Willoughby de Broke, who died in 1862.

Hon. Mrs. O'Brien (Eleanor), widow of the Hon. Robert O'Brien, brother of Lucius, thirteenth Lord Inchiquin, and the eldest daughter of Sir Aubrey De Vere, second Baronet, of Curragh Chase, in the county of Limerick, on March 5, at her residence, Old Church, near Limerick, aged seventy-six.

Mrs. Weld-Blundell (Teresa Mary Eleonora), widow of Mr. Thomas Weld-Blundell, D.L., of Ince Blundell Park, in the county of Lancaster, and youngest daughter of Mr. William Michael Thomas Vaughan, D.L., of Courtfield, in the county of Hereford, on March 4, at Birkdale, aged seventy.

Mr. William Henry Martin, C.B., on March 2, at his residence, 5, Courtfield-gardens, S.W., in his seventy-fifth year. He entered the Commissariat Department of the Army in 1834, became Commissary-General in 1859 and Comptroller 1870, and retired in 1875. He was created a C.B. in 1871.

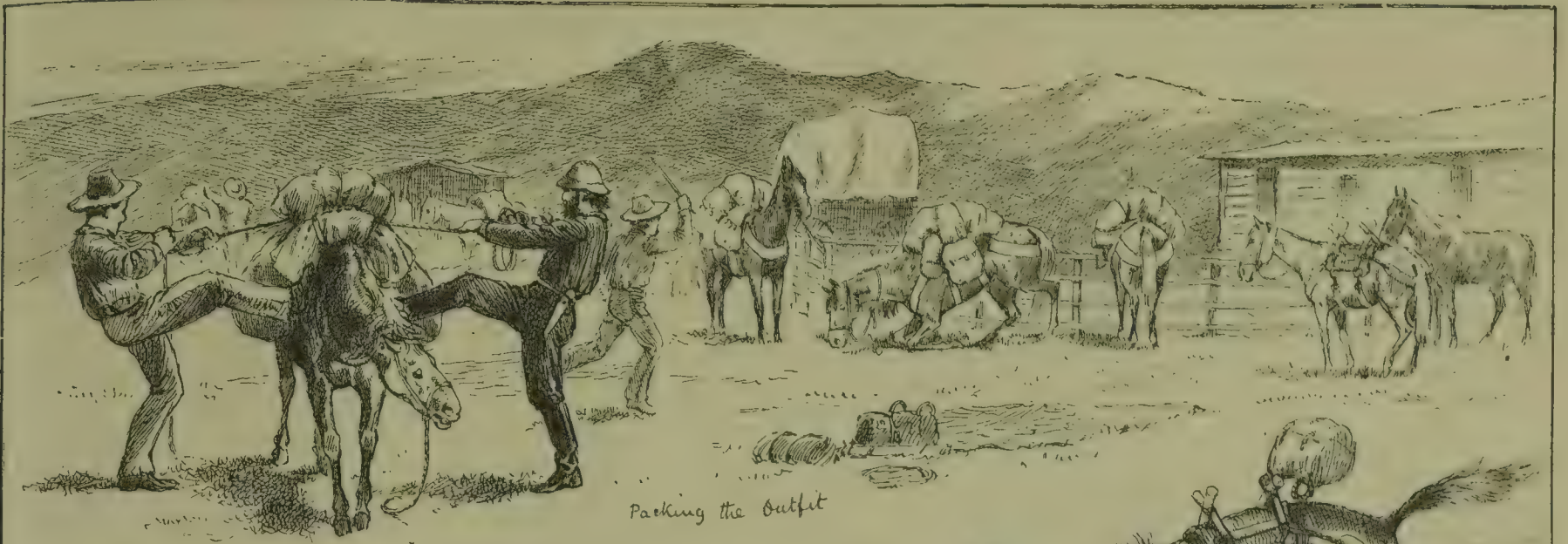
Mr. Richard Barnewall, youngest son of the late Christopher Barnewall, of Meadstown, in the county of Meath, and uncle of the present Christopher Barnewall, of Trimlestown and Turvey, the heir male and representative of the Lords Trimlestown, on March 11, in his eighty-third year.

Louisa, widow of William, second Baron Feversham, and mother of the Earl of Feversham, at Rievaulx, Tunbridge Wells, on March 5. Lady Feversham was daughter of George, eighth Earl of Galloway, by Lady Jane Paget, sister of the first Marquis of Anglesey, and was born on March 18, 1804.

Mr. Oliver J. Burke, an Irish barrister and author, well known to a large number of his countrymen. Mr. Burke belonged to an old family in the West, and was called to the Bar, and joined the Connaught Circuit in 1854. A constant reader and an accomplished scholar, he took up the pen at an early stage in his career, and became to a certain degree the chronicler of the Bar.

Vice-Admiral J. C. Soady, on March 7, at his residence, Warrington-gardens, in his eighty-third year. He entered the Navy in 1842; served in the Magicienne in the Baltic Expedition of 1854-5, was present at the bombardment of Sveaborg, being specially promoted for his services. He became Commander in 1858, Captain in 1863, Rear-Admiral in 1879, and Vice-Admiral in 1885, in which year he was placed on the retired list.

Major-General W. Nassau Lees, on March 9, at his residence in Grosvenor-street, aged sixty-four. He was a son of the late Sir Harcourt Lees, second Baronet. He served in the Indian Army for nearly forty years, and was for some time an Examiner in Mahometan Law and Persian Translator to the Government of India. General Lees was a great Oriental scholar, and did vast service in promoting the study of Oriental classics in India. He was for many years part proprietor of the *Times of India*.



Packing the Outfit



The Start
Good luck to you.



"Buy Billy" Objects



Off the trail



Two minutes after the Start
The first stampede

E. Gibbons

"THEY LIVED HAPPY EVER AFTERWARDS."

"They lived happy ever afterwards." . . . O delightful formula, with which the novelist, after conducting his hero and heroine through the trials and troubles of three volumes, and marrying them at last in St. George's, Hanover-square—or "the picturesque village church," as the case may be—is free to dismiss them into the Ewigkeit! O blessed privilege of the penman who thus, with a stroke of his grey goosequill or his "Mitchell J.," can confer perpetual bliss on any number of couples! The formula now, perhaps, is falling into a little disrepute, and the privilege is less frequently exercised than of yore, because a change has come over the spirit of our story-tellers—and a change that surely is much to be regretted. Our sympathies seem to demand that when Angelina has undergone a series of the most distressing accidents because of her constancy to Edwin, and Edwin has been disinherited, horsewhipped, garrotted, and imprisoned on suspicion of burglary and bigamy, because of his passion for Angelina, they should at last be rewarded with a double dose of conjugal felicity. And when Angelina dies of phthisis, or Edwin of heart disease—a favourite catastrophe with lady novelists like the late Mrs. Craik and Mrs. Henry Wood—the reader's sense of equity rebels, and he feels that the Fates have been unduly severe. Besides, he turns to fiction chiefly for amusement; and it isn't amusing to be surfeited with descriptions which read like articles from the *Lancet*, or chapters from a pathological treatise. No, *Messieurs les raconteurs*, don't kill off your heroes and heroines; stick, if you please, to the time-honoured phraseology—*They lived happy ever afterwards!*

But a grave question of criticism is here involved. Is a novel a picture of real life? Some novelists profess that such is the end and aim of their art; that they represent real scenes and real characters—manners as they are and morals as they ought to be. Sometimes they go so far as to affirm that in their *personae* they put before you no other than Brown, Jones, and Robinson. Well, then, I am thankful that Brown, Jones, and Robinson are not included in my list of acquaintances! Frankly speaking, there are very few characters in fiction whom one would care to entertain at one's dinner-table or to hob-nob with at one's club. Take Mr. Robert Elsmere, whom Mrs. Humphry Ward's genius has recently made fashionable—I have a suspicion that, in "real life," he would be very generally shunned as a conceited prig! Or the immortal Sam Weller—would you not rather see him in Mr. Pickwick's livery than in your own? Or Mr. Henry Esmond—who would go into ecstasies over the friendship of that exceedingly solemn and self-satisfied young gentleman? 'Tis the only flaw in the character of Lady Castlewood, that she stoops to fall in love with such a frigid piece of immaculate humanity. Then look at Lord Lytton's heroes, from Pelham down to Kenelm Chillingly: they are all very well, dressed up in Lord Lytton's ornate periods; but how insufferable we should find them in the intercourse of daily life! Let us leave them where they are; and *may they live happy ever afterwards!*

The truth is, we don't want "real life" in our novels, and we don't get it! Of course, it is a truism that life has its romance—its sudden changes, its heavy sorrows, its unexpected disasters and not less unexpected successes; but I contend that these, happily, are exceptional, like blizzards and volcanic eruptions. The ordinary course of human existence is, as we know, a sufficiently commonplace and unsensational affair. We are born; we marry; we have children; we pay our debts (some of us); we vote blue or yellow with edifying monotony; and then comes the end. Why, if to every one "of woman born," or if only to the majority, happened a tithe of the accidents that befall the heroes and heroines even of such rational and moderate fiction as the delightful novels of Mr. W. E. Norris, or the bright brisk stories (always so good to read) of Mr. James Payn, the world's activities would perforce stand still. Men and women would be so strenuously engaged in loving and making love, in sinning and sorrowing, in plotting and counterplotting, that there would be neither time nor thought for life's daily business. And what is the use of it all? These vicissitudes and harsh experiences—in what do they terminate? In *they lived happy ever afterwards!* But we can arrive at this wholesome conclusion, let us hope, without undergoing three volumes of tribulation.

Certainly, if fiction were, as it is so laughably assumed to be, a reflex of "real life," real life would be very much livelier than it now is, or than most of us would wish it. No longer should we glance at the newspaper reports of divorce cases with the pious thanksgiving that we are not as those other men or women are; we should find them cropping up around ourselves, and involving us—yes, us—in their meshes, like flies in a spider's web. No longer should we look on benevolently at the quiet wooings of our sons and daughters and our future sons and daughters in law; we should be torn by all kinds of emotions as we stared helplessly at their prolonged embroilments and complicated "situations"; we should be watching the letter-box hourly to see that no suspicious missive was dropped into it for the wife of one's bosom; and the wife of one's bosom (in a sweet disguise and a Victoria hansom) would pursue our furtive steps when we "glided" from our suburban villa in the morning on the specious plea that "we had business in the City." Instead of welcoming our friends and acquaintances to Laurel Lodge in unsuspecting confidence, we should be nervously on our guard against their dark designs; we should shiver with the fear that they might suddenly develop into Scotland-yard detectives, or private inquiry agents, or adepts with "the jemmy," like the young barrister in Christie Murray's "Catspaw." No doubt we should talk, and everybody would talk, much more wittily and racily, or picturesquely and poetically, than is now the rule; but I think we should come to doubt whether epigrams, repartees, or poetical images were an adequate set-off against all manner of surprises by day and alarms by night. We should learn to exclaim, "Oh, give us back our old dullness and mediocrity, so that we do but *live happy ever afterwards!*"

"And they lived happy ever afterwards." So says the novelist, and, like the preacher in his pulpit, he defies contradiction. He gives us no means of testing the truth of his assertion, for Edwin and Angelina pass beyond our ken with the last page of the last volume. In not a few instances one is tempted to doubt whether it can possibly be "founded on facts"; whether those impassioned lovers who have seethed and raged through forty or fifty chapters can really have subsided at the "Finis" into placidity and philoprogenitiveness! 'Tis all very well for the historian to say so; but he is prejudiced, of course, in their favour. My own opinion is that Chloe often leads Strephon a deuce of a life, and that Strephon turns out no better than he should be. Our novelists are too fond of sudden conversions! Apparently, they think that bridal favours will soften down Beatrice into a meek-tongued and submissive housewife, and that Benedick ceases to rail the moment he becomes Benedick the married man. Here, as elsewhere, they surely misrepresent the "real life" which they profess to reproduce. There must be—but I am ending with a platitude—a certain compatibility of taste and temper, a certain degree of sympathy and loving intelligence, a certain amount of self-control, if we are to say of bride and bridegroom that—*they lived happy ever afterwards!*—W. H. D. A.

CLEOPATRA:

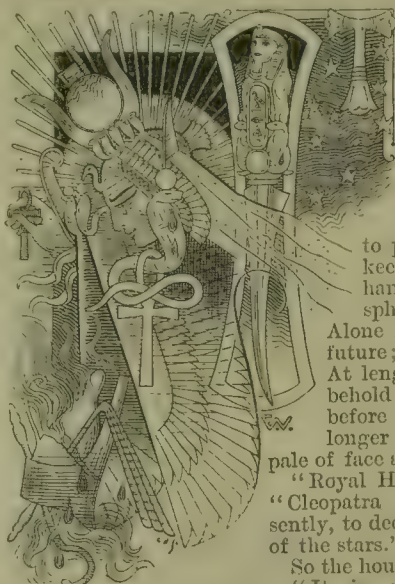
BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENCEANCE OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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CHAPTER XIV.

OF THE VEILED WORDS OF CHARMION; OF THE PASSING OF HARMACHIS INTO THE PRESENCE OF CLEOPATRA; AND OF THE OVERTHROW OF HARMACHIS.



was night, and I sat alone within my chamber, waiting the moment when, as it was agreed, Charmion should summon me to pass down to Cleopatra.

Alone I sat, and there before me lay the dagger that was to pierce her. Long and keen it was, and the handle was formed of a sphinx of solid gold.

Alone I sat, questioning the future; but no answer came. At length I looked up, and, behold! Charmion stood before me—Charmion, no longer gay and bright, but pale of face and hollow-eyed.

"Royal Harmachis," she said, "Cleopatra summons thee, presently, to declare to her the voices of the stars."

So the hour had fallen!

"It is well, Charmion," I answered.

"Are all things in order?"

"Yea, my Lord; all things are in order: well primed with wine, Paulus guards the gates, the eunuchs are withdrawn save one, the legionaries sleep, and already Sepa and his force lie hid without. Naught has been neglected, and no lamb skipping at the shamble doors can be more innocent of its doom than is Queen Cleopatra."

"It is well," I said again; "let us be going," and rising, I placed the dagger in the bosom of my robe. Taking a cup of wine that stood near, I drank deep of it, for food had I scarce tasted all that day.

"One word," she said hurriedly, "for it is not yet time: last night—ah, last night!" and her bosom heaved—"I dreamed a dream that haunts me strangely, and perchance thou also didst dream a dream. 'T was all a dream and 'tis forgotten; is it not so, my Lord?"

"Yea, yea," I said; "why troublest thou me thus at such an hour?"

"Nay, I know not; but to-night, Harmachis, Fate is in labour of a great event, and in her painful throes mayhap she'll crush me in her grip—me or thee, or the twain of us, Harmachis. And if that be so—well, I would hear from thee, before 'tis done, that 'twas naught but a dream, and that dream forgot!"

"Yea, 'tis all a dream," I said idly; "thou and I, and the solid earth, and this heavy night of terror—aye, and this keen-pointed knife—what are these but dreams, and with what face shall the waking come?"

"So, now thou faltest in my humour, Royal Harmachis. As thou sayest, we dream; and while we dream yet can the vision change. For wonderful are the fantasies of dreams, seeing that they have no stability, but vary like the vaporous edge of sunset clouds, building now this thing and low that, being now dark and heavy and now alight with splendour. Therefore, before we wake to-morrow, tell me one word. Is that vision of last night, wherein I seemed to be quite shamed, and thou didst seem to laugh upon my shame, a fixed phantasy, or can it, perchance, yet change its countenance? For, remember, when that waking comes, the vagaries of our sleep will be more unalterable and more enduring than are the pyramids. Then will they be gathered into that changeless region of the past where all things, great and small—aye, even dreams, Harmachis—are, each in its own semblance, frozen into stone and built within the Tomb of Time immortal."

"Nay, Charmion," I replied, "I grieve if I did pain thee; but o'er that vision comes no change. I said what was in my heart, and there's an end. Thou art my cousin and my friend, more I can never be to thee."

"'Tis well—'tis very well," she said; "let it be forgot. And now on from dream—to dream," and she smiled with such a smile as I had never seen her wear before; 'twas sadder and more fateful than any stamp that grief can set upon the brow.

For, though, being blinded by my own folly and the trouble at my heart, I knew it not, with that smile for Charmion the Egyptian died the happiness of youth, fled the hope of love, and burst asunder the holy links of duty. With that smile did she consecrate herself to evil, did she renounce her Country and her Gods, and trample on her oath. Aye, that smile marks the spot where the stream of history changed its course. For had I never seen it on her face Octavianus had not bestridden the world and Egypt had once more been free and great.

And yet 'twas but a woman's smile!

"Why lookest thou thus strangely, girl?" I asked.

"In dreams we smile," she answered. "And now 'tis time; follow thou me. Be firm and prosper, Royal Harmachis!" and bending forward she took my hand and kissed it. Then, with one strange last look, she turned and led the way down the stair and through the empty halls.

In the chamber that is called the Alabaster Hall, of which the roof is upborne by columns of black marble, we stayed. For beyond was the private chamber of Cleopatra, even the same wherein I had seen her sleeping.

"Abide thou here," she said, "while I tell Cleopatra of thy coming," and she glided from my side.

For long I stood, mayhap in all the half of an hour, counting my own heart-beats, and, as in a dream, striving to gather up my strength to that which lay before me.

At length came Charmion back, her head held low and walking heavily.

"Cleopatra waits thee," she said; "pass on, there is no guard."

"Where do I meet thee when what must be done is done?" I asked hoarsely.

"Thou meetest me here, and then to Paulus. Be firm and prosper. Fare thee well."

And so I went; but at the curtain I turned suddenly, and there in the midst of that lonely lamplit hall I saw a strange

sight. Far away, in such a fashion that the light struck full upon her, stood Charmion, her head thrown back, her white arms outstretched as though to clasp, and on her girlish face a stamp of anguished passion so terrible to behold that, indeed, I cannot tell it! For she believed that I, whom she loved, was passing to my death, and this was her last farewell to me.

But of this matter I knew naught; so with another passing pang of wonder I drew aside the curtains, gained the doorway, and stood within Cleopatra's chamber. And there, upon a silken couch at the far end of the perfumed chamber, clad in wonderful white attire, rested Cleopatra. In her hand was a jewelled fan of ostrich plumes, wherewith she gently fanned herself, and by her side was her harp of ivory, and a little table whereon were figs and goblets and a flask of ruby-coloured wine. Slowly I drew near through the soft dim light to where in all her glowing beauty lay the wonder of the world. And, indeed, never have I seen her look so fair as she did upon that fatal night. Couched in her amber cushions she seemed to shine as a star on the twilight's glow. From her hair and robes came perfume, from her lips fell music, and in her heavenly eyes all lights changed and gathered as in the ominous opal's disc.

And this was the woman whom, anon, I must slay!

Slowly I drew near, bowing as I came; but she took no heed. She lay there, and the jewelled fan floated to and fro like the bright wing of some hovering bird.

At length I stood before her, and she glanced up, the ostrich-plumes pressed against her breast as though to hide its beauty.

"What! friend; art thou come?" she said. "'Tis well; for I grew lonely here. Nay; 'tis a weary world! We know so many faces, and so few there are whom we love to see again. Well, stand not there so mute, but be seated." And she pointed with her fan to a carved chair that was placed high to her feet.

Once more I bowed and took the seat.

"I have obeyed the Queen's desire," I said, "and with much care and skill worked out the lessons of the stars; and here is the record of my labour. If the Queen permits, I will expound it to her." And I rose, in order that I might pass round the couch and, as she read, stab her in the back.

"Nay, Harmachis," she said quietly, and with a slow and lovely smile. "Bide thou where thou art, and give me the writing. By Serapis! thy face is too comely for me to wish to lose the sight of it!"

Checked in this my design, I could do naught but hand her the papyrus, thinking to myself that as she read I would arise suddenly and plunge the dagger to her heart. She took it, and as she did so, touched my hand. Then she made pretence to read. But no word did she read, for I saw that her eyes were fixed upon me over the edge of the scroll.

"Why placest thou thy hand within thy robe?" she asked presently; for, indeed, I clutched the dagger's hilt. "Is thy heart stirred?"

"Yea, O Queen," I said; "it beats high."

She gave no answer, but once more made pretence to read, and the while she watched me.

I took counsel with myself. How should I do the hateful deed? If I flung myself upon her now she would see me and scream and struggle. Nay, I must wait a chance.

"The auguries are favourable, then, Harmachis?" she said at length, though this she must have guessed at.

"Yea, O Queen," I answered.

"'Tis well," and she cast the writing on the marble. "The ships shall sail. For, good or bad, I am weary of weighing chances."

"This is a heavy matter, O Queen," I said. "I had wished to show upon what circumstance I base my forecast."

"Nay, not so, Harmachis; I have wearied of the ways of stars. Thou hast prophesied: that is enough for me; for, doubtless, being honest, thou hast written honestly. Therefore, save thou thy reasons and we'll be merry. What shall we do? I could dance to thee—none there are who can dance so well!—but it would scarce be queenly. Nay, I have it: I will sing." And, leaning forward, she raised herself, and, bending the harp toward her, struck some wandering chords thereon. Then her low voice broke out in perfect and most sweet song.

And thus she sang—

Night on the sea, and night upon the sky,
And music in our hearts, we floated there,
Lulled by the low sea voices, thou and I,
And the wind's kisses in my cloudy hair:
And thou didst gaze on me and call me fair—
Enfolded by the starry robe of night—
And then thy singing thrilled upon the air,
Voice of the heart's desire and Love's delight.

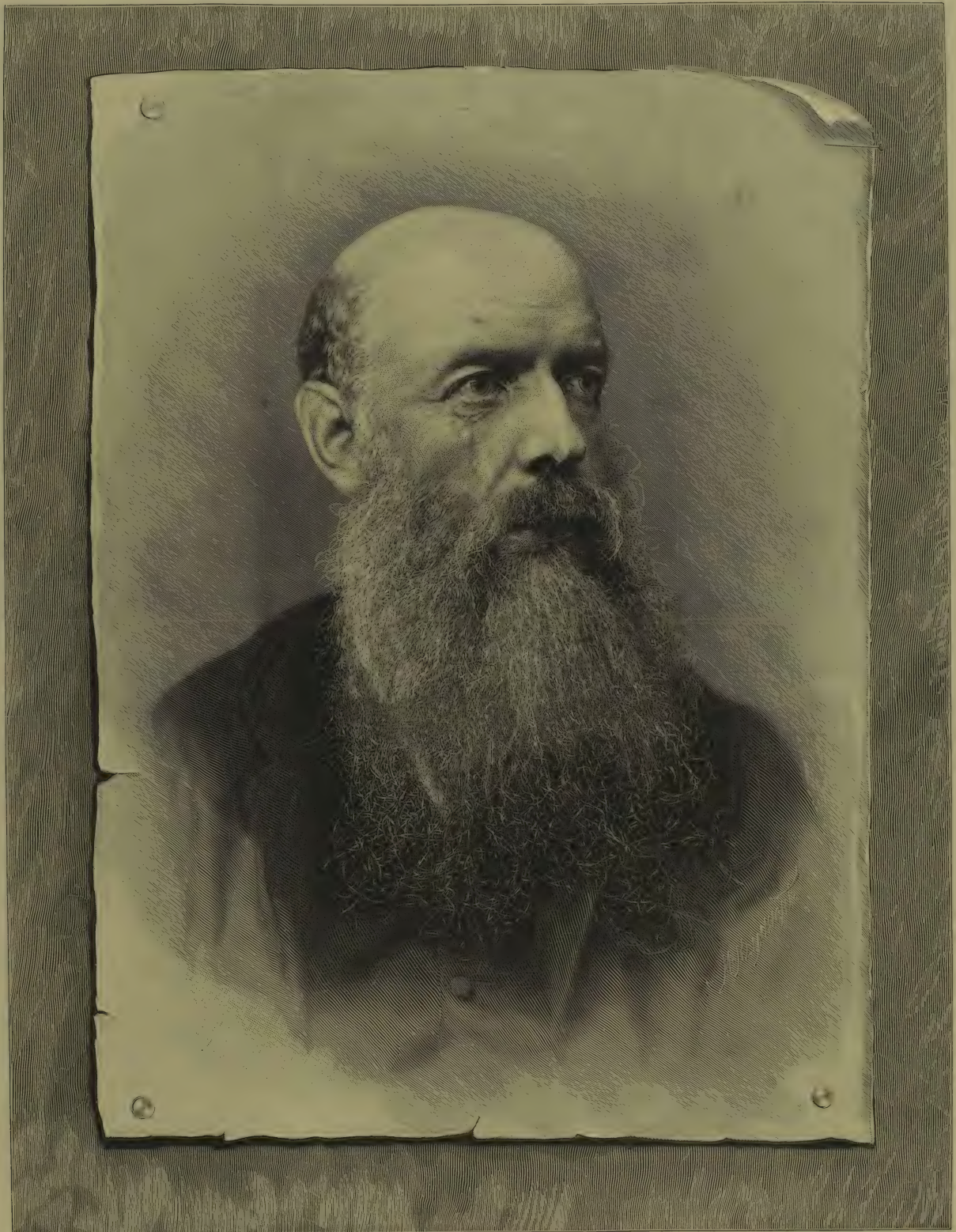
Adrift, with starlit skies above,
With starlit seas below,
We move with all the suns that move,
With all the seas that flow;
For bond or free, Earth, Sky, and Sea,
Wheel with one circling will,
And thy heart drifteth on to me,
And only Time stands still.

Between two shores of Death we drift,
Behind are things forgot:
Before, the tide is driving swift
To lands beholden not.
Above, the sky is far and cold;
Below, the moaning sea
Sweeps o'er the loves that were of old,
But, oh, Love! kiss thou me.

Ah, lonely are the ocean ways,
And dangerous the deep,
And frail the fairy barque that strays
Above the seas asleep!
Ah, toil no more at sail nor oar,
We drift, or bond or free;
On yon far shore the breakers roar,
But, oh, Love! kiss thou me.

And ever as thou sangest I drew near,
Then sudden silence heard our hearts that beat,
For now there was an end of doubt and fear,
Now passion filled my soul and led my feet;
Then silent didst thou rise thy love to meet,
Who, sinking on thy breast, knew naught but thee,
And in the happy night I kissed thee, Sweet;
Ah, Sweet! between the starlight and the sea.

The last echoes of her rich notes floated down the chamber, and slowly died away; but in my heart they rolled on and on. I have heard among the women-singers at Abouthis voices more perfect than the voice of Cleopatra, but never have I heard one so thrilling or so sweet with passion's honey-notes. And indeed 'twas not the voice alone, 'twas the perfumed chamber wherein was set all that could move the sense; 'twas the passion of the thought and words, and the surpassing grace and loveliness of that most Royal



MEN OF THE DAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALLEN, BASSING, OLD BOND-STREET, W.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, BART., M.P.

woman who sang them. For, as she sang, almost did I seem to think that we twain were indeed floating, alone with the night, upon the wine-dark summer sea. And when she ceased to touch the harp, and, rising, suddenly stretched out her arms towards me, and with the last low notes of song yet quivering upon her lips let fall the wonder of her eyes upon my eyes, almost did she draw me to her. But I remembered, and would not.

"Hast thou, then, no word of thanks for my poor singing, Harmachis?" she said at length.

"Yea, O Queen," I answered, speaking very low, for my voice was choked; "but thy songs are not good for the sons of men to hear—of a truth they overwhelm me!"

"Nay, Harmachis; for thee there is no fear," she said, laughing softly—"seeing that I know how far thy thoughts are set from woman's beauty and the common weakness of thy sex. With cold iron we may safely toy."

I thought within myself that coldest iron can be brought to whitest heat if but the fire be fierce enough. But I said naught, and, though my hand trembled, once more I grasped

the dagger's hilt, and, wild with fear at my own weakness, set myself to find a means to slay her while yet my sense remained.

"Come hither, Harmachis," she went on, in her softest voice. "Come, sit by me, and we will talk together; for I have much to tell thee," and she made place for me at her side upon the silken seat.

And I, thinking that I might the more swiftly strike, rose and seated myself some little way from her on the couch, while, flinging back her head, she gazed on me with her slumberous eyes.



DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

She raised herself, and, bending the harp toward her, struck some wandering chords thereon.

Now was my occasion, for her white throat and breast were bare, and, with a mighty effort, once again I lifted my hand to clutch the dagger-hilt. But, more quick than thought, she caught my fingers with her own and gently held them.

"Why lookest thou so wildly, Harmachis?" she said.

"Am sick?"

"Aye, sick indeed," I gasped.

"Then lean thou upon the cushions and rest thee," she answered, still holding my hand, wherefrom the strength had fled. "The fit will surely pass. Too long hast thou laboured with thy stars. How soft is the night air that flows

from yonder casement heavy with the breath of lilies! Hark to the whisper of the sea lapping against the rocks, that, though faint it is, yet, being so strong, doth almost drown the quick, cool fall of yonder fountain. List to Philomel; how sweet from a full heart of love she sings her message to her dear! Surely 'tis a lovely night, and most beautiful is Nature's music, sung with a hundred voices from wind and trees and birds and ocean's wrinkled lips, and yet sung all to tune. Listen, Harmachis: something have I guessed concerning thee. Thou, too, art of a Royal race; no humble blood pours in those veins of thine. Surely such a shoot could spring but from the stock of Princes? What! gazest thou at

the leaf-mark on my breast? 'Twas pricked there in honour of great Osiris, whom with thee I worship. See!"

"Let me hence," I groaned, striving to rise; but all my strength had gone.

"Nay, not yet a while. Thou wouldst not leave me yet; thou canst not leave me yet. Harmachis, hast thou never loved?"

"Nay, nay, O Queen! What have I to do with love? Let me hence!—I am faint—I am fordone!"

"Never to have loved—'tis strange! Never to have known some woman-heart beat all in tune to thine—never to have seen the eyes of thy adored aswim with passion's tears, as she

sighed her vows upon thy breast!—Never to have loved!—never to have lost thyself in the mystery of another's soul; nor to have learned how Nature can overcome our naked loneliness, and with the golden web of love of twain, weave one identity!—Why, 'tis never to have lived, Harmachis!"

And ever as she murmured she drew nearer to me, till at last, with a long, sweet sigh, she flung one white arm about my neck, and gazing upon me with blue, unfathomable eyes, smiled her dark, slow smile, that, like an opening flower, revealed beauty within beauty hidden. Nearer she bent her queenly form and still more near—now her perfumed breath played upon my hair, and now her lips met mine!

And, woe is me! in that kiss, more deadly and more strong than the embrace of Death, were forgotten Isis, my heavenly Hope, Oaths, Honour, Country, Friends, all things—all things save that Cleopatra clasped me in her arms, and called me Love and Lord!

"Now pledge me," she murmured; "pledge me one cup of wine in token of thy love."

I took the draught, and deep I drank; and then too late I knew that it was drugged.

Back I fell upon the couch, and, though my senses still were with me, I could neither speak nor rise.

But Cleopatra, bending over me, drew the dagger from my robe.

"I've won!" she cried, shaking back her long hair. "I've won, and for the stake of Egypt, why, 'twas a game worth playing! With this dagger, then, thou wouldst have slain me, O my Royal rival, whose myrmidons e'en now are gathered at my palace gate? Art still awake? Now, what hinders me that I should not plunge it to thy heart?"

I heard and feebly pointed to my breast, for fain was I to die. She drew herself to the full of her imperial height, and the great knife glittered in her hand. Down it came till its edge pricked my flesh.

"Nay," she cried again, and cast it from her, "too well I like thee. Pity 'twere to slay such a man! I give thee thy life. Live on, lost Pharaoh! Live on, poor fallen Thing, blasted by a woman's wit! Live on, Harmachis—to adorn my triumph!"

Then sight left me; and in my ears I only heard the song of the nightingale, the murmur of the sea, and the music of Cleopatra's laugh of victory. And as I sank away, the sound of that low laugh still followed me into the land of sleep, and still it follows me through life to death.

(To be continued.)

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

The Royal Literary Fund held its annual general meeting on March 13, the Earl of Derby presiding. The treasurer reported that during the year the total sum distributed in grants amounted to £2605.

The forty-second anniversary festival dinner in aid of the funds of the Earlswood Asylum was held, on March 13, at the Albion Tavern, Mr. J. C. Parkinson presiding, and the secretary announced that the total subscriptions amounted to £1865.

At the anniversary festival dinner of the friends of the Asylum for Fatherless Children, subscriptions to the amount of £2111 were announced.

The thirty-first annual meeting of the Dental Hospital of London was held at the hospital, Leicester-square, on March 13, under the presidency of Sir Edwin Saunders, one of the trustees. In the report, which was unanimously adopted, the managing committee congratulated the governors on the continued success and prosperity of the institution; also on the great benefits which the hospital continues to afford to the suffering poor, 51,406 cases having been treated during the year 1888, a large number of them painlessly (under anæsthetics), being 3965 in excess of those of the previous year, and 29,412 in excess of the number treated in 1874, when the hospital was removed to its present site. The charity is unendowed, and additional funds would enable it to greatly extend its usefulness.

A meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution was held on March 14, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, Sir Edward Birkbeck, M.P., in the chair. The second service clasp of the institution was voted to Mr. Edward Jones, coxswain of the Holyhead life-boat, and the institution's silver medal to Mr. Robert Jones, assistant coxswain, in recognition of their services in the life-boat, extending over many years. Rewards were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution and those of shore-boats for services rendered in saving or attempting to save life from shipwrecks, and payments amounting to £1856 were ordered to be made on the 293 life-boat establishments of the institution. Arrangements were made for holding the annual meeting at Willis's Rooms on Saturday, March 23, at three o'clock, on which occasion the chair will be taken by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.

Mr. Thomas Swinbourne presided over the annual general meeting of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, which was held on March 14 in the saloon of the Lyceum Theatre. There was a large attendance of members of the dramatic and musical professions. From the financial statement laid before the meeting it appeared that the receipts had been £1580, and included members' subscriptions, £330; donations and tickets for dinner, £641; benefit at Drury-Lane, £59; whilst the expenditure had been £2035, or an excess of £454 over receipts.

The Lord Mayor presided on March 15 at the fifty-seventh annual meeting of the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest in the City-road. The report showed that the total receipts for the past year had been £7457, the expenditure £5610, and the number of patients under treatment in the hospital 418. The number of new out-patients was 5465, and the renewed cases 2826. This hospital is the oldest in Europe, and is doing a noble work. It is situated in one of the most crowded and poorest districts of London, and it takes in the poor not only from all parts of the district, but from all parts of the country. The funds it receives, however, are very inadequate, and the beds are not all occupied.

An offer has been made to the committee of the Samaritan Society of the London Hospital by Mr. H. Spicer, to contribute £1000, provided £4000 can be raised; the whole sum to be invested, and the interest applied to the needs of the charity. The work consists in supplying patients with mechanical aids, such as arms, legs, &c., sending those who are convalescent to the seaside or country, granting certain articles of diet which the hospital cannot supply, and also clothing, when necessary, to such poor and destitute patients as have no friends to help them while under treatment, or affording to them monetary aid on leaving the hospital—the number of patients relieved last year being 3999. Any donations will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the secretary, Mr. Thomas Hornsby, Samaritan Society, London Hospital, Whitechapel, E.; or may be paid direct to the Samaritan Society's Special Appeal Account, with Messrs. Roberts, Lubbock, and Co., 15, Lombard-street, E.C.; or to Mr. Cecil E. Green, 26, Collingham-place, S.W.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

The exhibition of the present year will hardly raise the reputation of British painters in water-colours in their own country; but it is only charitable to suppose that their most important works have been sent to Paris, to sustain our good name against foreign competitors. The weakest point of the present exhibition lies in the absence of original thought and imaginative power. The landscapists, who should form the backbone of any water-colour collection, are singularly tame; or, at best, reproduce ideas and effects upon which they have traded for years; whilst the figure-painters seem to rely more and more upon literary inspiration and less upon their own. To appear as the illustrators of books seems their highest ambition; and even in this they seem to care for little beyond the reproduction of the words and descriptions of the authors from whom they draw their subjects. Mr. Charles Green is one of the cleverest of this group of artists; but his "Mr. Mantalini and the Brokers" (409) adds nothing to our appreciation of Dickens, and suggests no fresh ideas. Mr. Mantalini occupies the centre of the disordered millinery establishment, whilst Madame faints in her chair at the aspect of the brokers. There is plenty of strong colouring and excellent drawing in the picture, but, at best, it would take a creditable place in a new illustrated edition of "Nicholas Nickleby." This Dickens-influence, as we may call it, is apparent in many pictures which do not ostensibly relate to that author's works. It is traceable in the forced pathos or exaggerated sentiment of scenes which, if painted with less effort, would be far more effective. Mr. Frank Dadd escapes from this school by allowing himself a wider range. In his "Cornered" (477) he has depicted, with no little power, a captured highwayman, who has been brought to the village ale-house after an exciting chase by a party of fox-hunters, who arrived opportunely to rescue his prey. The figure of the bound man, in presence of those ready to execute summary justice, is not without dignity, and almost suggests a Paul Clifford who had pursued his calling after middle-life. Mr. Frank Dadd's other work, "Between Ourselves" (119), is a much smaller subject, but is even more carefully worked. It represents two old cronies over their wine and walnuts discussing with evident gusto the characters of their friends and neighbours. Mr. Walter Langley errs rather upon the side of over-emphasis whether in treating pathetic subjects as in that (123) of the young fisherman's widow seated in the now unused boat and wailing—

For the touch of a vanished hand

And the sound of a voice that is still,

or in depicting such tragic scenes as "Disaster" (710), which has come upon the Cornish fishing village, and apparently thrown every one of the spectators into a different sort of paroxysm of excitement. Mr. Langley, however, paints with a skilful hand, and he shows the desire rather to grapple with than to shrink from the difficulties of his subjects. Mr. H. P. Dollman, who is not to be confounded with his namesake and kinsman, shows considerable promise in "Something Wrong" (48), a very elegant and amateurish cook finding out the divergence between theory and practice. The cookery-book in her hand has told something, but the result in the basin on the table tells a very different story. Mr. J. C. Dollman, however, is too much a master of his brush to fall into such mistakes, and in his solitary contribution to the gallery, "The Health of the Bride" (464), we have a very effective mingling of post-boys, horses, and serving-maid. The old post-rider evidently appreciates the wine which he and his young partner, both brilliant in sky-blue silk, are about to quaff in honour of the event to which their costumes, the grey horses, and the corded trunks bear witness. Mr. G. G. Kilburne's "Weary Waiting" (342) is another rendering of the gambler's wife (or daughter), who is standing beside the cold ashes of the firegrate, whilst the burnt-out candles and gleam of morning light through the curtains fall upon a whist party—so composed that one wonders if anything but sheer necessity could have brought the four players together. Apart from the excessive height given to the woman's figure the picture is technically excellent; but it is rather bare of ideas, and in this respect falls behind Mr. Leonard Raven-Hill's "School for Scandal" (461), a group of girls in bright dresses among broadly-painted, sunlit, white rocks—a clever, dashing bit of work. Mr. C. MacIver Grierson's "Compulsory Education" (58) has very considerable promise, as well as present achievement. It represents an acrobat or clown teaching his dogs the rudiments of learning the business of life. The pupils seem, perhaps with reason, to take a more humorous view of the situation than the teacher, as if assured, at all events, of their food and lodging. Mr. Edmund Caldwell sends a good study of puppies and kittens engaged in "Litigation" (163) over a very tempting bone; but Mr. R. M. Chevalier's "Street Scene in Cairo" (145), with donkey boys answering or anticipating the wishes of the European traveller, although humorous, is somewhat spoilt by its curious perspective. Among other *genre* and figure-pictures may be mentioned Mr. Tom Taylor's "Tricking Him" (144), rather poor in idea but nice in colour; Mr. William Weatherhead's "Looking Seaward" (64), a finely-drawn figure of a fisher girl; Miss Winifrede Freeman's "Shop on the Quay" (211), strong in colour; and Mr. E. Corbould's "Which Shall it Be?" (303), a knight selecting from a chest the scarf he shall wear in the tourney. More important in design, but still too much aiming at literary effect, is Mr. Percy Macquoid's "Alien" (251), a young girl coming to fill her water-can at the village pond, and looked at superciliously by two overdressed village maidens, and inquisitively by a group of village beaux. Mr. Gordon Browne's "Cutting an Old Acquaintance" (230), who temporarily finds himself in the stocks after too copious libation, is really humorous, and the composition of the work is in all respects excellent. The president, Sir J. Linton, is represented by a single figure, "Beppina" (323), painted with consummate skill and power so far as the face and dress are concerned, but placed in a very shadowy landscape, which is unduly lowered in tone to give effect to the figure.

Architectural pictures seem to find much favour with the present painters in water-colours, but Mr. Fulleylove falls very far below his ordinary level in his view of "High-street, Oxford" (337), in which he does very considerable violence to truth. The spot whence the picture is taken must necessarily have included the spire of St. Mary's, and at no point, and least of all opposite All Souls', is "The High" so narrow as Mr. Fulleylove represents it. In many other particulars, too, those who know Oxford will see how sadly the artist has departed from the original. Mr. Yeend King's "Water Bridge at Newbury" (116) is in every respect a far more satisfactory work, and reveals a bit of an old English town which will bear comparison with almost anything at Bruges or Dort. Miss Louise Rayner, too, may be honestly congratulated upon her careful rendering of "The Derby House, Chester" (182), one of the best specimens of the old beam-built, heavy-eaved houses to be found in the western counties. Mr. W. Spread's "Book-Shop at Vitre" (436); Mr.

Chris. Poole's "Old Street in St. Malo" (215); and Mr. Phené Spiers's "Porch of the Church of St. Michael" (540) are also very admirable specimens of that sort of work which was first popularised by Samuel Prout, although his method no longer finds favour among the modern school of water-colour artists.

Miss G. Demain Hammond's decorative panel (196) is the only specimen of this branch of work; but it is a very interesting attempt to combine the styles of Mr. Alma Tadema and Mr. Albert Moore in treating the parable of the wise and foolish virgins. The arrangement of the figures is effective, although one or two of them are somewhat weak and cardboard-like; but the colouring is very harmonious, and the general result decidedly decorative.

We must reserve for another occasion our remarks on the landscapes and marine pictures of the exhibition, many of which, especially those of the "outsiders," show considerable promise.

THE FRENCH GALLERY, PALL-MALL.

The French Gallery (120, Pall-mall), under Mr. Wallis's direction, does not aim at attracting the public by constant changes and shiftings, but rather by bringing together once a year a few of the best specimens of foreign art which are to be met with in Continental studios. Unfortunately, in some respects, the name of the "French" Gallery has become a misnomer, for it is at Vienna and Munich that Mr. Wallis finds his most attractive works. The display this year includes a few pictures of more than average interest, whilst its general level is fully up to that of former exhibitions. Foremost in size and importance is Herr I. V. Krämer's "Descent from the Cross" (105), the work of a young man now only seven-and-twenty years of age, who has had the perseverance to spend six years upon this single work. A subject so often treated by Flemish and Italian painters might seem to offer but a slight field for an artist born so long after "the ages of faith." Herr Krämer has, we think, acquitted himself of his serious work in a manner and in a spirit which will agreeably surpr'se many. He has managed to avoid both exaggerated realism and morbid sentiment. The body, it is true, does not give evidence of that helplessness and hopelessness which characterise Rubens' great work; nor is its higher aim obscured by the elaborations of modern science. It is a dignified lifeless figure, which is being lowered by reverent hands and received into loving arms. In the foreground is the kneeling figure of the Magdalen with her head thrown back, somewhat after the pose in Daniele di Volterra's picture. Mary the Virgin, in a blue dress and white hood, is receiving the right arm of the Saviour as he is being lowered from the cross; whilst beside her, but slightly apart, is another female, perhaps the wife of Cleophas, in a cinnamon coloured dress, preparing to embalm the body at once. The figures, which are life size, are all dignified, as if the work on which they were engaged had placed all on one level. The colouring is rich and harmonious, the brighter tones of the foreground fading away into the gloom and darkness which settles upon the Holy City, dishonoured by this stupendous tragedy. Another wall of the gallery is almost wholly occupied by Mr. Benham Hay's "Florentine Procession" (93), in which, in spite of the learned exposition given in the catalogue, we see more traces of Belgian than of Italian influence. Mr. Hay might in the treatment of such a subject have found models in Italy which were of a more dignified type; for the painters of Savonarola's day, to which this procession refers, were careful above all things in rendering this homage to the sex. M. De Munkácsy's "Pharisee" (101) is a fine Rembrandtesque bit of colouring, combined with a breadth of treatment for which the modern artist has rendered himself noteworthy. Another important work is Professor Holmberg's "Musicians at Fault" (67), in which we find our three ecclesiastics—black, red, and white—engaged in something more trivial than on the last occasion they were brought before us. Herr Holmberg is a painter of more than usual technical power, and he can throw into his figures expressiveness of face and attitude; but we should like him to try his hand upon something more than reiterated combinations and permutations of the three factors of his work. A follower, and probably a pupil, of the Professor, Herr Weiser contributes a single figure of a red ecclesiastic in his study, in title "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword" (83), in which the Meissonier element is even more forcibly brought out than in Herr Holmberg's larger work. Those, however, who wish to compare the German with the French School of minute detail can do so by turning to a work by Meissonier himself, "Le Rieur" (64), which, although not ranking among the greatest of that painter's achievements, is a model of careful finish and artistic composition. Two excellent specimens of Josef Israels, "Grandfather's Consolation" (53)—an old man sharing his little grandchild's troubles—and "The Sempstress" (111), show us this master of Dutch art in his brighter moods; and Herr Firlé contributes a bright scene in a German workroom, where three generations of a family are engaged on "Needlework" (74), of which a wonderful store is scattered over the room, much to the satisfaction of the chubby child on the floor, who finds a happy hunting-ground among the piles of white linen. If to these we add thirty or more bright sketches of the Norfolk Broads by Professor Heffner—a district admirably suited to his style—and characteristic works by Dupré, Daubigny, Corot, James Bertrand, and C. Seiler, it will be readily admitted that this year's exhibition of the French Gallery is one of which the managers may justly feel proud.

At the annual general meeting of the governors of the Cancer Hospital, the report, which was adopted, showed that during the past year the work of the hospital had considerably increased. This called for additional support, the reliable income being some £3000 a year less than the ordinary expenditure.

An association has been formed, under the title of the Strand Highway Improvement Association, for the purpose of impressing on the proper authorities the urgent necessity of improving the Strand between Somerset House and the Royal Courts of Justice. The association will at the earliest possible date present a petition to the London County Council in favour of such improvement.

The Earl of Carnwath having succeeded his uncle in his titles and dignities, her Majesty has been pleased to declare that Arthur Edward Dalzell, Mary Isabella (wife of Major Thomas Leith), and Charlotte Emma Maud (wife of Mr. Lancelot Rolleston), the brother and sisters of the present Peer, shall enjoy the same title, rank, and precedence as if their late father had survived his elder brother and had succeeded to the earldom.

An animated discussion took place at the meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works on March 15 with reference to the question of accepting a tender for the construction of a tunnel under the Thames at Blackwall. It was urged that so important a matter should be left for the decision of the London County Council. Ultimately, however, it was decided to accept the lowest of three tenders sent in, that of Messrs. S. Pearson and Son, for £318,840. Sir Joseph Bazalgette estimated the cost of the work at £280,000.

INDIAN EMIGRANTS TO BRITISH GUIANA.

Emigration from India to British Guiana, or Demerara, was commenced tentatively as early as 1838, and some ten years later had made considerable progress. At the present day, there are upwards of 90,000 East Indian immigrants settled in the colony, many of them in positions of affluence. Large sums are remitted annually by these people to their friends in India, both through Government agencies and by Post-Office orders. The latter system, indeed, has found such favour that remittances have increased from two years ago, when the plan was first adopted, to £1276 last year. The total of more than £91,000 now stands to the credit of Indian immigrants in the Government Savings Banks of British Guiana. Like the reserve of some well-established business, however, this sum represents but a portion of the actual hoardings of that thrifty race, whose knowledge of the value of money is too keen to admit of their locking up much capital in Government securities at a moderate rate of interest, when two or three times as much can be readily obtained on reasonable security, or in trade. Some 25,000 emigrants have from time to time returned from British Guiana to India, and their savings amount, as far as known, to about half a million sterling. It must be borne in mind that this large amount represents only a portion of their savings; for large sums are invariably carried in gold, of which no official cognizance can possibly be taken; further, that these emigrants went to the colony not as capitalists, or even skilled mechanics, but as ordinary day labourers, in so impoverished a condition that the very clothes

they embarked in had to be provided. So much for Government emigration conducted on proper lines. The accompanying Sketches show the sleeping-sheds and hospitals in the emigration dépôt at Calcutta, where the emigrants reside prior to embarking for British Guiana; also the immigration office and dépôt in the colony, and one of the large estates' hospitals provided for the reception of sick and infirm immigrants on the plantations, where they receive medical attention and medicines gratuitously. The emigration dépôt at Garden Reach, Calcutta, is under the charge of Mr. Robert N. S. Mitchell, Government Agent for British Guiana.

Mr. Edward Wilberforce, of the North-Eastern Circuit, has been appointed a Master in the Queen's Bench Division, in succession to Mr. Brewer, who recently resigned that office.

Mr. C. H. Wilson, M.P. for Hull, who some time ago bought the Kinord portion of the Aboyne estate from the Marquis of Huntly, has purchased for £14,000 upwards of 1700 acres of the Cromar estate, also in Aberdeenshire, belonging to the Earl of Aberdeen. Professor Ogston, Aberdeen, recently bought the Glendaran portion of the same estate for £12,500.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland distributed the good-conduct and long-service medals on March 13 to the Seaforth Highlanders, in the Phoenix Park, in presence of a large number of spectators. The ceremony was preceded by an infantry and artillery field-day and sham-fight. The Marchioness of Londonderry held a Drawingroom at Dublin Castle—the second for the season. There was a numerous attendance.

THE AMERICAN BASEBALL PLAYERS.

The visit to England of two fine teams of good performers in this favourite American pastime has attracted much notice. The game of baseball in theory is remarkably simple, though it has many intricate regulations. There are two opposing teams, who endeavour to secure the greatest number of circuits of the bases, like runs at cricket, within a limited number of innings. Each side consists of nine men, and the game must be played on a regularly planned enclosure, laid out with a continuous path in the shape of a diamond. At each corner of the figure is a base-bag of canvas, filled with sand or hair, and strapped securely to the ground. They are known as first base, second base, third base, and home plate, the distance between each being 90 ft. The defenders of the field consist of first, second, and third basemen, who stand near their respective bases, with the short stop half way between the second and third basemen, while the outfield, stationed from 100 yards to 150 yards from the infield, comprise the right centre and left fielders. The pitcher, or bowler, the only player who stands inside the diamond, is placed within a parallelogram 4 ft. wide by 5 ft. 4 in. long, the nearest side of which is 50 ft. from the batsman. Behind the home plate stands the catcher, whose duties are much of the same kind as those of the wicket-keeper at cricket, having to receive the ball from the pitcher and return it to him should it not be hit by the batsman. Immediately behind the catcher is the umpire, who judges every ball pitched and all play during the game. The batsman endeavours to hit the ball to such a part of the field



HOSPITALS AND FILTERING SHED, BRITISH GUIANA EMIGRATION DEPOT, CALCUTTA.



EMIGRANTS FEEDING AT THE EMBARKATION SHED.



NATIVE DOCTOR AND STAFF EXAMINING NEW ARRIVALS.



AN ESTATES' HOSPITAL IN BRITISH GUIANA.

EMIGRATION FROM INDIA TO BRITISH GUIANA.

as will enable him to run from home to the first base before the fielder can return it to the first baseman stationed there. He may, if he can, before the outfielders return the ball, make the complete circuit, which scores one to his side. A batsman is out if a fielder can catch the ball before it reaches the ground, or if he can recover it in time to throw it to the base for which the runner is making before he reaches it. The pitcher must deliver the ball over the home plate, and between the knee and shoulders of the batsman. If he fail to give a fair ball five successive times, the batsman is entitled to take the first base. For each fair ball the umpire calls "Strike!" The batsmen, in the order of the card, follow each other in regular turn, until three batsmen have been put out by the efforts of the opposing fielders. Then the sides change, and the fielding side take their places at batting until three of their men are put out. The innings is ended at this point, and when nine such innings have been completed, requiring from an hour and a half to two hours to get through, the game is over, and the side which has scored the most runs wins the game.

The players who have come to England are the Chicago team, composed of Messrs. A. C. Anson, T. P. Daly, M. Baldwin, J. Ryan, F. N. Pfeffer, T. Burns, M. Sullivan, J. K. Tener, and R. Pettitt; and the All-America team of picked men from the clubs of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Washington, Detroit, and Indianapolis—namely, Messrs. J. M. Ward, W. Earle, T. Healey, F. H. Carroll, J. Manning, G. A. Wood, J. G. Fogarty, E. Hanlon, and T. L. Brown. They arrived in London on Saturday, March 9, and were met by Messrs. A. G. Spalding (promoter and manager of the tour), C. W. Alcock (Surrey County Cricket Club), W. G. Lynch, and others. The following noblemen and gentlemen kindly consented to act as a reception committee:—The Duke of Buccleuch, Duke of Beaufort, Earl of Coventry, Earl of Bessborough, Earl of Sheffield, Earl of Londesborough, Viscount Lewisham, M.P., Viscount Ozenbridge, Lord Charles Beresford, M.P., Lord Kinnaird, Lord

Hawke, Lord Lyttelton, the Lord Mayor, Mr. Henry White (Chargé d'Affaires to the United States), Mr. T. M. Waller (Consul-General to the United States), Sir Reginald Hanson, Bart.; Sir R. E. Webster, M.P.; Major Mariudin, R.E., C.M.G.; and Dr. W. G. Grace.

The opening match between the Chicago and the All America teams was played on Tuesday, March 12, at Kennington Oval. They were entertained at luncheon in the pavilion, Lord Oxenbridge, president of the Surrey Cricket Club, in the chair. Soon after the play began, the Prince of Wales arrived, and the game being stopped, the players, congregating together, cheered his Royal Highness very heartily. They display wonderful agility in running from one base to the other, whilst they are brilliant catchers, and return the ball with extraordinary smartness. The All America men went in for the first innings, but were discharged without a single run scored. The Chicago men then took their turn, and succeeded in placing two runs to their credit. Each side went in and out in rapid succession, the slippery state of the ground stopping many runs attempted. The Chicago team proved successful, the score standing seven to four. The second match, next day, was at Lord's cricket-ground, where the All America players defeated those of Chicago by seven to six, in eight innings. On Thursday, March 14, they played at the Crystal Palace, and the All America team was again victorious, making five runs, while the Chicago team got only three. Mr. Wright was the umpire at Kennington Oval.

Owing to the great success of the Stuart Exhibition the committee have arranged with the Directors of the New Gallery to extend the time originally fixed for closing.

The Exhibition of Old Masters at the Royal Academy, including the collection of works by the late Frank Holl, closed its doors on March 16, and preparations for the annual show have begun. The day for sending in works by "outsiders"

happens to fall this year on Monday, April 1; but artists who may have a superstitious prejudice against that rather ominous day have the option of sending in on the previous Friday or Saturday. Works by members and associates will be received a week later—on April 8.

The Municipality of Lisbon invite tenders for the construction of a viaduct to unite two of the hills on which it is built, and consisting of a bridge 1510 metres in length and 17 in width. No tenders will be received unless preceded by a deposit of 20,000,000 reis (about £444).

A month's cruise in the Mediterranean is arranged by the Orient Steam Navigation Company. Their steam-ship Garonne, 3876 tons register, is to leave London on April 6, returning about May 6. The voyage is to be purely a pleasure trip, and the steamer will carry no cargo. She will visit Lisbon, Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Palermo, Cagliari, Malaga, and Cadiz.

At the sixty-third sitting of the Parnell Commission, on March 13, after three fresh witnesses had been examined, Sir Henry James announced that the case for the *Times* was closed. Sir C. Russell asked for a fortnight's adjournment, and for the release of Mr. O'Brien, M.P., and Mr. E. Harrington, M.P., to enable them to prepare their defence. The Court assented to these suggestions on condition that the prisoners should not employ their liberty for the purposes of agitation, and the Court adjourned to April 2.

A return issued by the Commissioners of Metropolitan Police shows that 132 members of that force were specially commended for bravery and exceptional services in February, 93 by the Commissioners and 39 by Judges and Magistrates. Of these, 11 were highly commended for courage in stopping or attempting to stop runaway horses, whereby they received injuries; 9 were commended for courageous conduct at fires; and 110 for effecting the apprehension of persons wanted for offences. Two were also specially mentioned for rendering first aid to injured persons.



ALL AMERICA.

1. Prelude.
2. The Pitch.
3. A Long Throw.
4. "Hawot."
5. Anson, Captain, Chicago.
6. The Game: "Hawot" in Bad Weather.
7. A Steal.
8. A Hit.
9. "Three Cheers for the Prince!"
10. A Royal Reception.
11. Ward, Captain, All America.
12. A Slide.
13. Virtue Rewarded.
14. A Fly Hit.
15. A Ball.
16. A Strike.
- 17, 18. "Home, Sweet Home!"
18. An Error.

CHICAGO.

THE AMERICAN BASEBALL PLAYERS AT KENNINGTON OVAL—VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.



GATEWAY TO GREAT ST. HELEN'S, AND ALMSHOUSE.

Bits of Old London.

ST. HELEN'S, BISHOPSGATE.

Among the most interesting relics of antiquity in the City of London is the venerable church secluded in that old-fashioned court known as "Great Saint Helen's," entered by a low doorway from the crowded street of Bishopsgate Within, adjacent to Crosby Hall. The sacred building is much decayed, and the needful repairs and restorations will cost between £5000 and £6000, in aid of which a public subscription is opened. This object, which we cordially recommend, may give a practical interest to our Sketches of some notable features of St. Helen's Church and its monuments, which are not so well known as they should be, and which have much historical value.

The Empress Helena, patron saint of this church, was mother of Constantine the Great, and was thereby grandmother of the Roman Empire of the East, of the city of Constantinople, and of the State establishment and endowment of Christianity—truly an important lady! She was a British Princess, born at Colchester A.D. 242, daughter of King Coel II., and married the Roman General Constantius Chlorus, who had besieged her father's town. Being a Christian, and a highly intellectual and accomplished woman, she devoted herself in the course of a long widowhood, until her death in 327, to munificent works of piety, and visited the Holy Land, where she erected a church on the site of the Sepulchre at Jerusalem, another on

the Mount of Olives, and one at Bethlehem. The Roman colonial towns of Maldon and London, in that age, received an accession of new inhabitants from the British nation of Trinobantes, the countrymen of Helena; and there seems no improbability in the statement that the original church of St. Helena in London was founded by order of Constantine, in memory of his mother. It was, in Saxon times, chosen to receive, from Bury St. Edmunds, the remains of King Edmund, Saint and Martyr, temporarily removed in 1010 on account of the Danish inroads. In the twelfth century, it belonged to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, by whom it was granted, about 1212, to "William the son of William the Goldsmith"—an ancestor of Earl Fitzwilliam—for a Nunnery of the Benedictine Order. A description of the Convent or Priory, and many documents concerning it, will be found in the "Annals of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate," edited by the Rev. J. E. Cox, D.D., a volume published by Tinsley Brothers in 1876, and full of precise and authentic information. The ground between Bishopsgate-street and St. Mary Axe was covered with the various buildings, the "Fratry," the dormitory, the Sub-Prioress's lodgings, the hall, the Convent parlour, the refectory, kitchen, buttery, steward's house, and other apartments, the cloister and gardens, with the church as it stands now. The north aisle of the church is still called "The Nuns' Choir," and was partitioned by a screen from the parish congregation. The Convent was suppressed in the reign of Henry VIII., but the Nuns' Hall became that of the Leathersellers' Company, till in 1799 it was demolished, with other remnants of the Convent buildings, and the site is now occupied by many private houses and business offices, in Great St. Helen's and St. Helen's-place. Crosby Hall, now a well-known restaurant, a large and handsome apartment, which has been much overdecorated in showy bad taste, was erected by Sir John Crosby, citizen and grocer, on ground leased to him by the Convent in 1466; it



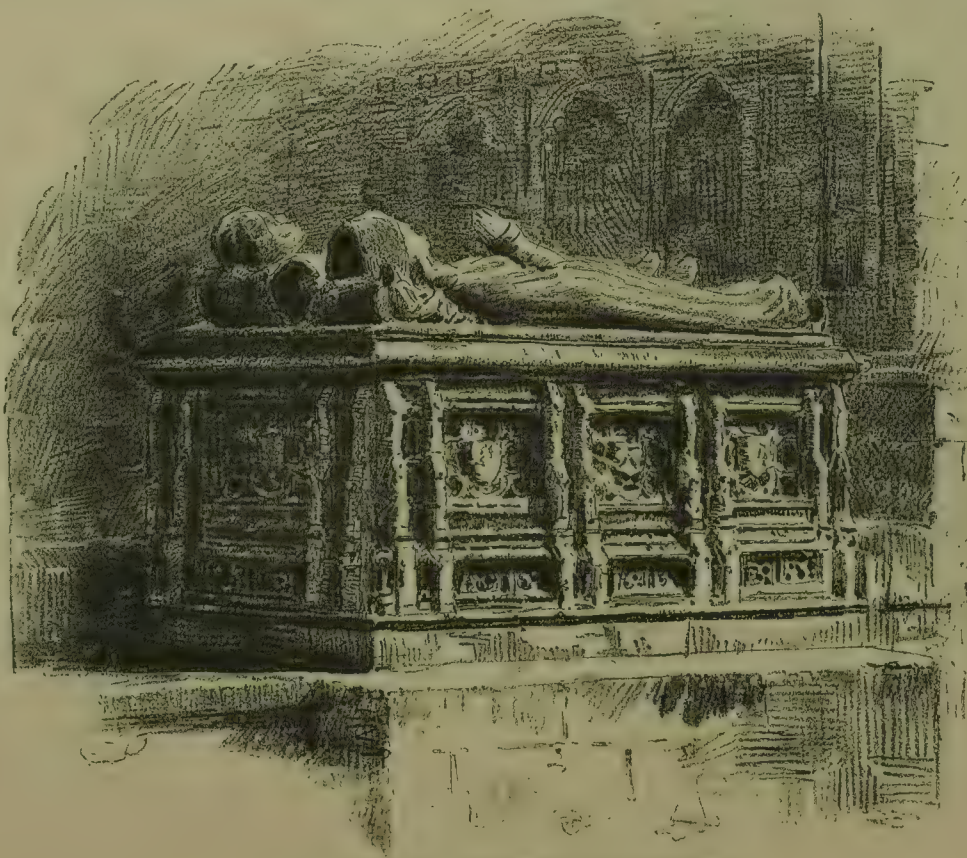
BELFREY, ST. HELEN'S CHURCH.

was the abode of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, in his Protectorate after the death of Edward IV., and Sir Thomas More lived there for a time.

The church is not large, and has not much architectural beauty, yet it is one of the very few in London which escaped destruction in the Great Fire of 1666, and it contains specimens of almost every variation of the Pointed or Gothic style, from the commencement of the thirteenth century. The exterior is certainly not imposing: it presents, in the west front, two mullioned windows, under one of which is a door with an insignificant little arch, and there are projecting buttresses at the south-west angle and in the centre of this front which give it an unbalanced aspect, while a small battlement to the side roof and an insignificant belfry turret conflict with the original character of the building, which is partly covered with cement. The low south doorway, reconstructed in 1633, has a semi-circular arch beneath a Doric pediment, ascribed to Inigo Jones. But the interior, consisting of two broad aisles divided by a fine arcade and a south transept, with two Gothic chapels, erected in the fourteenth century, is not wanting in grandeur. The arches are low-pointed, of wide span, those nearest to the west end springing from clustered half-columns. The windows are filled with modern stained glass placed in them about twenty years ago. The ceiling is of flat arched beams, of brown oak, resting on sculptured corbels. The north aisle, which formerly had a door communicating with the Convent, was the Nuns' Choir, having a floor of different level from the rest of the



SOUTH DOORWAY.



MONUMENT OF SIR JOHN CROSBY AND HIS WIFE.

church, and with the Nuns' Grate, or screen, surmounted by an arched canopy with rich sculptured ornaments. The two chapels in the south transept have much architectural interest. There is a good deal of old woodwork: the stalls removed from the Nuns' Choir to the chancel, the chancel desks and pews, the pulpit, with its sounding-board, and an elaborately carved piece, resting on twisted Corinthian columns, which was a receptacle for the Lord Mayor's sword and mace; also one made of wrought iron, for the same purpose, decorated with the Royal arms and those of the Mercers' and another Company. Many shields of arms, in stained glass, are preserved in the windows, and are memorials of City history.

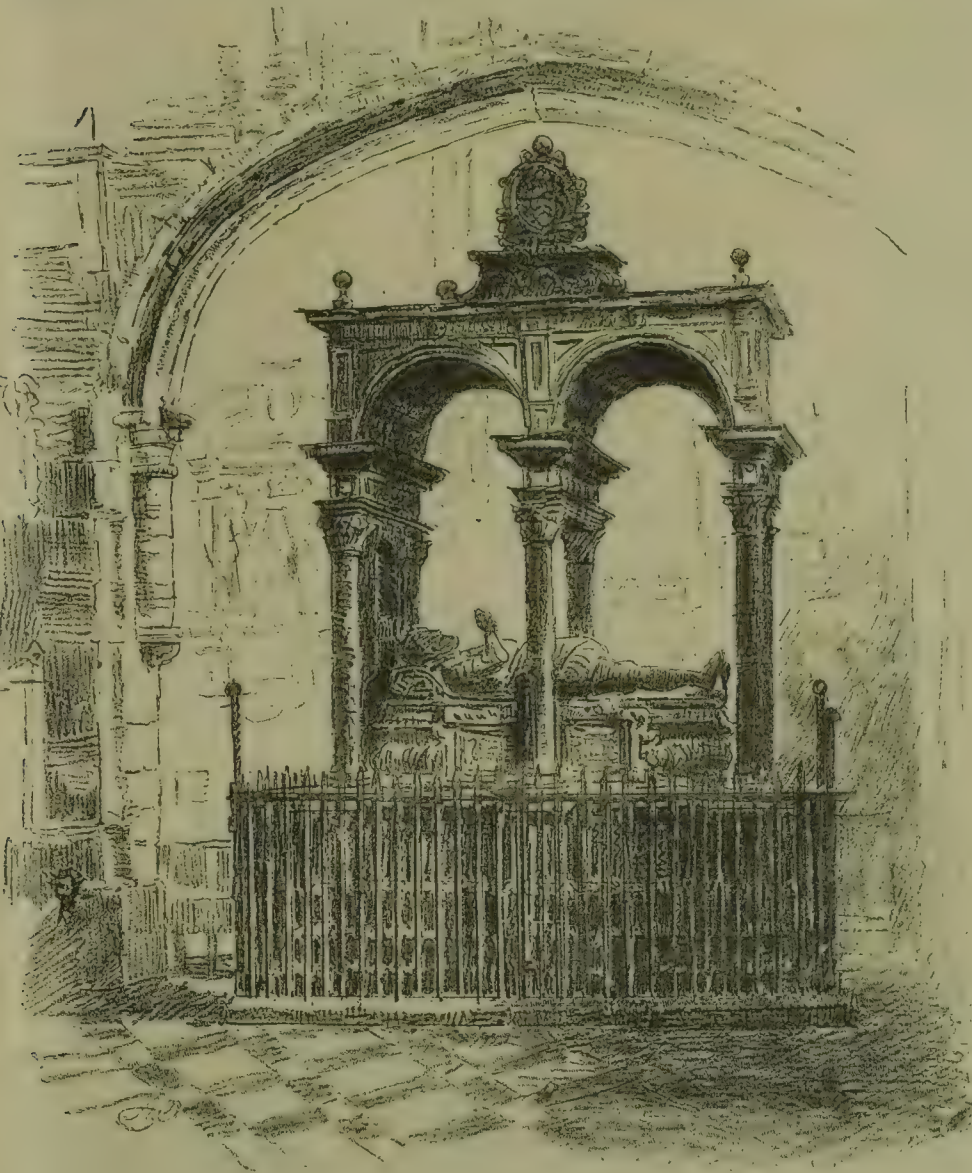
The monumental tombs, which have obtained for St. Helen's Church the designation of "the City Westminster Abbey," demand particular regard. The finest of these structures is the tomb of Sir William Pickering, the second Knight of that name, who died in 1572, and who was a soldier and an eminent diplomatist in the service of the Crown, under Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth, being employed in special embassies to France, Germany, and Turkey. His father, the first Sir William Pickering, was a distinguished soldier. The tomb of Sir John Crosby and his wife, in the chapel of the Holy Ghost, south of the choir, is a century older; that worthy Alderman and Knight, who had served in the French wars, and had held the office of Mayor of the Staple at Calais, died in 1475. One of our Engravings contains representations of the tomb of Sir Thomas Gresham and of several other monuments, which do not, in fact, stand together in the same part of the church, as they appear to do in our Artist's Sketch. The large flat-topped altar-tomb, or table-tomb, is that of Sir Thomas Gresham, the great Elizabethan merchant and financier, the Queen's trusty agent for loans and all money business, and the munificent founder of the Royal Exchange

and of Gresham College. He died in 1579, at his house in Bishopsgate-street, the name of which is still retained by the present building on its site; his country house was at Mayfield, in Sussex, and he more than once had the Queen for his guest. The Royal Exchange was opened by her Majesty, after dining at Gresham House, on Jan. 23, 1570. At the funeral of Sir Thomas in St. Helen's Church, the bier was preceded by a man bearing a helmet, which is now fixed on a bracket in the angle of the window above the tomb. The upper slab or ledger of this tomb is of black marble, and the sides and base of Sienna marble, with rich sculptured ornament. Among the other tombs worthy of notice are those of Sir John Spencer, who died in 1609, and who was Lord Mayor in 1591, and M.P. for the City of London; he was ancestor of the present Earl Spencer, and of the present Marquis of Northampton and Earl Compton, in the maternal line of descent. The tomb is very stately, with alabaster recumbent figures of Sir John and his wife, and with a smaller one of their daughter, kneeling in prayer before the Bible, at their feet. Another monument is that of Sir Julius Cæsar Adelmare, an eminent lawyer, Judge of the Admiralty Court and Master of the Rolls; he was the son of an Italian physician settled in England, and was an intimate friend of Bacon. His descendants, who called themselves Cæsar, were persons of note in succeeding generations. Near the monument of William Bond, a merchant contemporary with Gresham, is that of his son, Martin Bond, Captain of the City Train-bands in 1588, who commanded them at the camp of Tilbury, when arrayed for the defence of England against the Spanish Armada. This monument is placed on the north wall of the Nuns' Choir; its sculpture, in high relief, shows Captain Bond sitting in a tent, sword in hand, with his helmet on a table; two sentinels outside, and a page holding his horse. There are numerous tablets and brasses, in different parts of

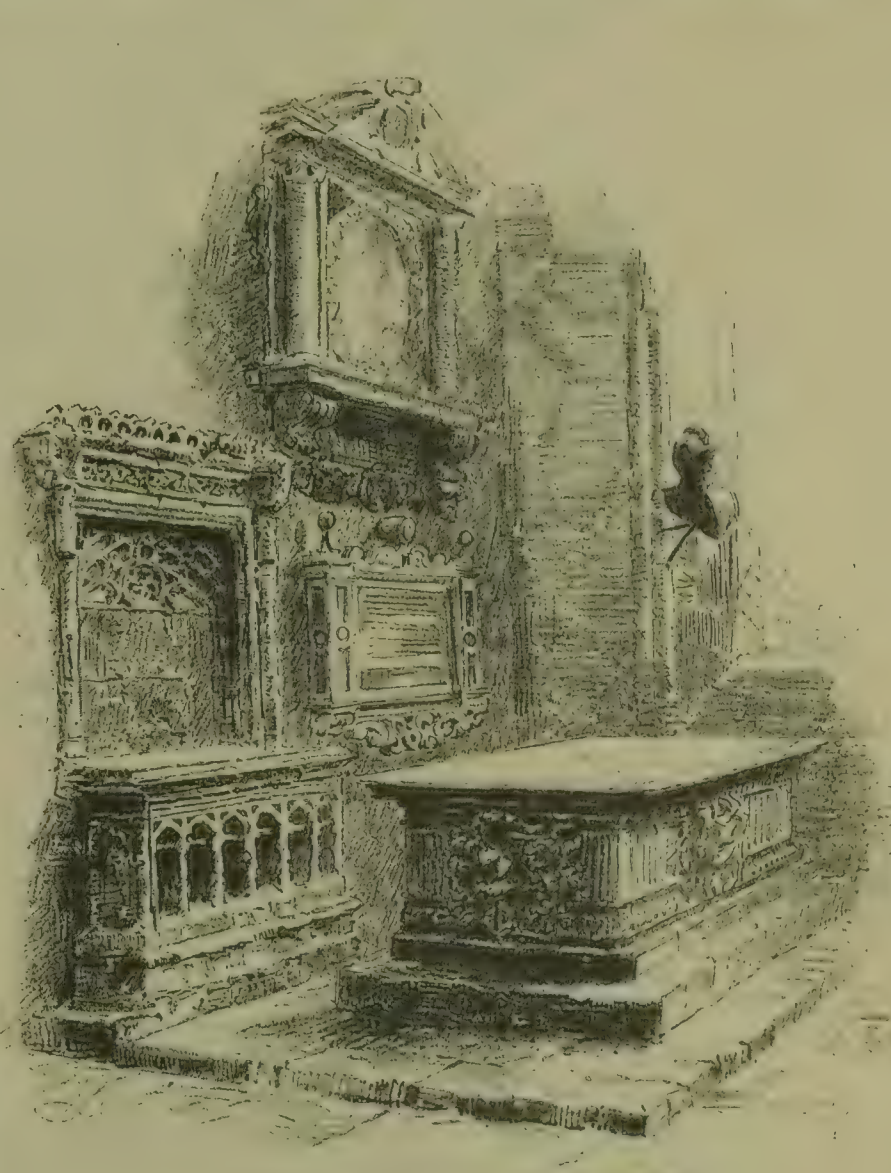
the church, bearing inscriptions of historical interest. We hope that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the City Corporation, and the City Guilds, will speedily provide what is needful to preserve St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, aiding the Rector and churchwardens and the committee appointed for this work.

SIR EDWIN CHADWICK, K.C.B.

A fine example of the physiological truth, noticed by us this week in reviewing a book on longevity, "Modern Methuselahs," that plenty of brain-work is favourable to old age, is Sir Edwin Chadwick's attainment of the ninetieth year of his age. On Saturday, March 2, the veteran Poor-Law, Civil Service, and sanitary reformer, whose labours of statistical inquiry, official administration, literary compilation, and social economic science would have sufficed for three ordinary lives, was entertained at a dinner given by the Association of Sanitary Inspectors of Great Britain, of which he is President. It was to congratulate him not only on his birthday, but on his having received—why not a peerage?—the honour of promotion to the Order of Knight-Commander of the Bath from the Queen. Dr. Benjamin W. Richardson, F.R.S., who has edited two bulky volumes of selections from Sir Edwin Chadwick's valuable writings, occupied the chair. He was supported by the Earl of Aberdeen, Earl Fortescue, Sir Lyon Playfair, Sir Spencer Wells, Sir Richard Owen, the Hon. D. F. Fortescue, Sir Henry Doulton, Sir Douglas Galton, Mr. Wyke Bayliss, Dr. Farquharson, M.P., Dr. Cameron, M.P., Mr. H. Alexander, Dr. A. Carpenter, Mr. B. Carter, and others. Letters cordially congratulating Sir Edwin Chadwick were read from the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Meath, Lord Chelmsford, Sir James Paget, Sir R. Rawlinson, Mr. J. B. Firth, Sir L. Simmons,



MONUMENT OF SIR WILLIAM PICKERING.



MONUMENTS OF SIR THOMAS GRESHAM AND OTHERS.

BITS OF OLD LONDON: ST. HELEN'S, BISHOPSGATE.

and Dr. Adler (Chief Rabbi). The venerable President, in his reply, mentioned that he probably owed the duration of his working ability to exceptional hereditary vitality, for his father had died at the age of eighty-four, his grandfather at ninety-five, and his two great-grandfathers had lived to be centenarians. Nevertheless, we remember an amiable brother of his, who was not a hardworking man in advanced life, and who did not live to an extraordinary age. Edwin Chadwick, in 1823, when he was studying for the Bar, wrote an article on "Life Assurance," in the *Westminster Review*, which gained him the notice of Bentham. He was appointed an Assistant-Commissioner of the Inquiry set on foot by Lord Grey's Government which led to the new Poor Law, and was afterwards one of the Commissioners to report on that great subject, and secretary to the Commission for establishing the reformed system. Between 1834 and 1841 he served also on the Commission of Inquiry relating to the labour of young persons in factories, and on the Sanitary Commission, with reference to local causes of preventible disease, and to the improvement of habitations in London and other large towns and cities. Mr. Chadwick's researches and reports on these subjects were of the greatest value; and to his industry, and to his judicious recommendations, the country is in a large measure indebted for the present improved Poor-Law administration, for the sanitary regulation of factories, workshops and mines, for the half-time school education of factory children, and for sanitary measures, drainage, sewers, and sufficient water-supply in towns, and the prevention of interments in towns, upon which he issued a report in 1843. He was also, in 1839, one of the Commissioners for the reorganisation of the constabulary forces, and for the establishment of regular police. In 1848, when the Public Health Board was created, Mr. Chadwick, on whom the rank of C.B. was then conferred, was its most active member; but he retired with a pension in 1854, on the reconstruction of that Board, which has been transformed into the Local Government Board, under a President belonging to the political Ministry. Since his retirement from office, Mr. Chadwick has not been idle; he took part in the measures for the

improvement of the Civil Service, the regulation of competitive examinations, the sanitary protection of our troops serving in India, and the Education Commission, especially with reference to district schools maintained by the Poor-Law authorities, and to schools for factory children. He has also contributed frequently to the Transactions of the Statistical Society, of the British Association, and the Social Science Association. The results of such various special inquiries, and of the legislative and administrative measures proceeding from them, for which credit is due to many persons as well as to Sir Edwin Chadwick, cannot be overrated as an addition to human welfare. It was remarked by himself, on the recent occasion, that death-rates in towns under the separate system of drainage had been reduced by one-half through the work of the sanitary engineer alone, and the life-rate of all classes had been extended by seven or eight years. This extension of life had been assisted, especially among the working classes, by model dwellings, the inspection of factories and schools, and other work of the sanitary authorities. Disease and sickness had also been vastly reduced. What proper sanitation could do might be seen from the fact that the death-rate in the Indian Army used to be sixty-seven in a thousand, and that since the appointment of the Sanitary Commission by Lord Stanley (the present Lord Derby) in 1859, the rate had been reduced to twenty in a thousand. We may be sure, however, that much yet remains to be done.

Our Portrait of Sir Edwin Chadwick is from a photograph by Messrs. Mayall and Co., of New Bond-street.

On March 16 the Princess Alice Memorial Hospital, East-bourne, was reopened after an extensive enlargement, the Mayor and the leading residents being present. The new wings have been erected by public subscription, but several hundred pounds are needed to cover the extensive outlay.

Notwithstanding the expectation that the Government dockyards will shortly be busy, upwards of 300 men received notice of discharge at Devonport on March 16—namely,

150 shipwrights, 21 joiners, and 150 labourers. These are to be followed by 200 more. The sudden discharge of this number of men had occasioned great surprise, but it is stated that these workpeople were engaged on the understanding that they were to leave when their services could be dispensed with.

The Earl of Erne, president, took the chair on March 16 at the 106th anniversary dinner of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, given at the First Avenue Hotel. In the course of the evening subscriptions amounting to £600 were announced, the Queen giving 100 guineas.

The youngest couple ever married in the United States were made man and wife recently at Keyser, Mineral County, West Virginia. Their names were Chloe Poland, aged thirteen, and Joe Snow, aged fourteen. They had been lovers for four years, and after frequent entreaties received their parental consent to marriage. The bride was in a short dress.

The annual general meeting of the Royal Thames Yacht Club was held at the club-house, 7, Albemarle-street, on March 15—Lord Brassey presiding over a crowded meeting. A letter was read from Sir Francis Knollys, expressing the regret of the Prince of Wales, Commodore, "at his inability to attend and convey personally to the members of a club with which Lord Alfred Paget was so closely connected, and where he was so well known, the expression of his deep and sincere sorrow at the death of their respected Vice-Commodore, and at the loss of one whom he looked upon as among the oldest of his friends, and through the medium of whom he had the gratification of being the Commodore of the club." The sailing programme, offering prizes amounting to £520 (including a prize of £50 given by Lord Brassey), together with the report and statement of accounts for 1888, was adopted. The Prince of Wales was re-elected Commodore by acclamation. Lord Brassey was unanimously elected Vice-Commodore in place of the late Lord Alfred Paget; and Mr. Robert Hewitt was unanimously elected Rear-Commodore; and Colonel Wilkinson, cupbearer.



SIR EDWIN CHADWICK, K.C.B.



THE RIGHT REV. A. G. EDWARDS, BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH.

THE NEW BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH.

The appointment to this See of a clergyman who is a native of Wales and can speak the Welsh language, was much approved. He was the Rev. Alfred George Edwards, M.A., Vicar and Rural Dean of Carmarthen, and private secretary and Chaplain to the Bishop of St. David's. Bishop Edwards, who is the youngest son of the late Rev. William Edwards, Vicar of Llangollen, brother to the late Dean of Bangor, is forty years of age. He was educated at Llandovery School, and at Jesus College, Oxford. He obtained a second-class in Classical Moderations in 1872 and a third in the Final Classical School in 1874, taking his degree in the same year; he was ordained Deacon in 1874, and Priest in 1875, by the present Bishop of St. David's; in the latter year he was appointed warden and head-master of Llandovery School, and after ten years' work at Llandovery, accepted the vicarage of Carmarthen. Bishop Edwards has been twice married, his present wife being the

youngest daughter of Mr. Watts John Garland, of Lisbon. He is author of some recent letters giving facts and figures about the Church in Wales, which, together with an address delivered at Leeds, subsequently appeared in pamphlet form, and attracted much attention among Churchmen and Nonconformists in the Principality. Mr. Edwards was also one of the selected speakers on the Church in Wales at the Manchester Church Congress. The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Heslop Woods, of Leeds.

OUR TROOPS IN EGYPT.

The regiment of King's Own Scottish Borderers, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel J. Talbot Coke, who took part in the action at Suakin on Dec. 20, afterwards returned to Cairo. In the week ending Feb. 23, on successive days, this regiment celebrated with various festivities the bicentenary of its formation. It was originally raised in 1689, by the Earl of

Leven, to defend the city of Edinburgh for William III. against the Jacobites. The proceedings at Cairo were, on the Monday, a concert in the Citadel theatre, followed by a supper; next day a cricket-match; on the third day, the regimental race-meeting; a polo-match on the Thursday; and on the Friday evening a ball, at which Mrs. Talbot Coke received a large company of ladies and gentlemen, with many English and foreign visitors of rank, and with the Khedive's Prime Minister and other distinguished Egyptians. On the Saturday, the regimental athletic sports took place, and all the men were entertained at a bicentenary festival dinner.

Among the honours gained by the regiment during its two hundred years is that of having the Sphinx on its colours, in commemoration of the former British occupation of Egypt, and the bi-centenary has been commemorated by a march out to the Pyramids, and by the battalion being photographed under that marvellous relic of antiquity, shown in our Illustration.



BICENTENARY OF THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS: THE SPHINX UNDER A NEW ASPECT.



ENCOUNTER BETWEEN LIEUTENANT J. R. BEECH, 21st HUSSARS, AND TWO DERVISHES, NEAR SUAKIN.
FROM A SKETCH BY THE HON. GERALD SAUMAREZ.



MILITARY POLICE OF UPPER BURMAIL.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE LIFE OF ISLANDS.

In dealing with the history of islands in last week's article, I referred to the manner in which animals and plants were enabled to pass from one region to another and thus to people islands which had been raised from the depths of the sea as independent masses of land. Lack of space then prevented the consideration of the ways and means in which this dispersal of life is carried on, and the topic is interesting enough to merit the distinction of a special article. In the case of plants, it is obvious that the vegetable world possesses powers of dispersion which are unknown in the animal realm. Many seeds are provided with means for conveyance by the wind, and such as are provided with hard shells may be protected for long periods from the action of water. Volcanic islands owe their plant-life to such chance sowing of seeds, borne by the winds or waves to their shores; and birds also act as important colonisers of such islands through their conveyance of seeds adhering to their plumage, or contained in clods of earth which become attached to their feet. In the case of the animal life of islands, we note that certain animals are unfitted by their nature and habits to traverse great distances by sea. Such are quadrupeds, and such are the frogs and their neighbours. On islands like the Azores, far removed from a mainland, and having had no original connection with such a continental region, there are, accordingly, no native quadrupeds and no native frogs, toads or newts to be found. It is different with reptiles. Many of these animals are good swimmers, and we must also take into account the fact that their eggs may be conveyed on driftwood, and may be thus transported to far distant lands. There exists an interesting problem of this latter kind in connection with the Galapagos Islands. These form a group of volcanic islands, erupted into the Pacific Ocean, and lying about 600 miles off the South American coast. Around them the sea is about 1000 fathoms deep, and between the islands and the American coast the depth may reach 2000 or 3000 fathoms. This is a clear proof—even if we had not their rock structure to confirm the opinion—that the Galapagos Islands are the products of volcanic action, and are original lone masses of land, showing no relation whatever to the nearest continent.

Now, on the Galapagos there are no native quadrupeds (mammalia) and no native frogs; this fact is justified by our scientific expectations, as we have seen. There does exist on these islands a kind of mouse, the true history of which is undoubtedly that of conveyance by man to the Galapagos. But as regards the reptiles, the case is very different; there are land-tortoises, lizards, and snakes. The lizards number five distinct species; but all are of American origin, and find their nearest relatives on the adjacent continent. One of the Galapagos lizards is decidedly aquatic in its habits, and is found swimming freely in the sea, feeding on the sea-weed of the island-coasts. The lizards give us no trouble in accounting for their presence on these islands. Their American connections point to an origin from that continent; and that they are importations—originally conveyed, themselves or their eggs, on driftwood or even by swimming—to the Galapagos, is a theory of very feasible nature. The snakes are more unusual tenants of oceanic islands. Two species occur on the Galapagos; but both are near relations of South American serpents, and one, it is added, is scarcely to be distinguished from a Chilean species. Serpents are animals which are very tenacious of life, and their powers of swimming are also, on the whole, of a very well-developed kind. "On one occasion," Dr. Wallace relates, "a box-constrictor swam from South America to the island of St. Vincent, which is distant 200 miles, at the very least, from the continent." So that, as regards the snakes of the Galapagos, there is even less difficulty than is met with in the case of the lizards. Carried on floating trees, or even swimming across the intervening ocean, into which a river-flood may have swept them, snakes may readily reach lands far distant from their native habitats.

But that which is most interesting in connection with the Galapagos reptiles is the presence on their islands of huge tortoises. These huge reptiles must be familiar to visitors to the London Zoological Gardens. They represent enormously enlarged editions, as it were, of the familiar tortoises of every-day life; so large, indeed, that a man might easily sit on the back of one and be conveyed by the animal without the latter being aware of the burden it was carrying. Big tortoises are not common animals. We find them also in the Mascarene Islands, which are associated with Madagascar itself. But the Mascarene tortoises have been shown to differ from the Galapagos ones, and there are thus practically no traces of these huge reptiles to be found near to the last-named islands themselves. Accordingly, taking his stand upon the general theory which accounts for the immigrant-population of volcanic islands, Dr. Günther tells us that the Galapagos tortoises are probably of American origin. They came from the continent, in short, which has given to the Galapagos Islands their other forms of life. There is, besides, no difficulty in accounting for the passage by sea of these animals. They are very tenacious of life, and many tortoises emulate their turtle-neighbours in the fact of their taking freely to water. Doubtless the original parents or ancestors of the big reptiles of the Galapagos Islands were drifted out to sea by some flood which swept them from their land-haunts. A mass of driftwood may have formed a raft on which they would easily exist for days and weeks without food. Once stranded on the Galapagos shores, these reptiles would find themselves very much at home; and would settle down as colonists in these lonely isles of the sea.

It must be noted, however, that animals thus transported to foreign shores show that tendency to variation in form and habits which is so widely represented in all the children of life. We know, for instance, that as regards many islands of the Mediterranean Sea the lizards found thereon, which are identical as species with those of the mainland, nevertheless develop different colours in their island habitations. They usually become blue or black in tint. As regards the lizards of the Seychelles Archipelago, naturalists can tell, by the colour, "from which particular island a specimen had been brought." We learn from such facts the power which local conditions of life possess over living beings in the direction of inducing variation in form, colour, and other particulars. Now, as regards our big Galapagos tortoises the same rule holds good. Once introduce an animal or plant to new surroundings, in the shape of food, climate, and so forth, and you may assuredly bargain for alteration of its form and colour. The Galapagos tortoises differ from other big reptiles of that kind; but that the differences are due to this universal tendency to variation is, at the very least, a reasonable explanation, in face of the facts with which we are acquainted. We therefore see in the case of the Galapagos reptiles merely another proof of the wondrous fashion in which living beings suit themselves to new environments: a power of adaptation this which really prevents the extinction and annihilation of life when placed in strange lands and under untoward conditions.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J W SHAW (Montreal).—We received both, and were much obliged for your courtesy. Of the information we made full use. Problem No. 234 is quite correct, as you have probably discovered by this time.

W BROCK (Bishop's Waltham).—Yes, it is the same gentleman. Thanks for the problem, which we have not seen before, but agree with you in thinking it very pretty.

R PROCTOR.—Your problem is exceedingly difficult, but the diagram is so crowded, and the disposition of the pieces so unnatural, that we do not think it would attract our solvers.

A G STUBBS (Halebury).—Your problem is very neat and accurate. It is a little too obvious, however, for our use; but we will not discard it without another examination.

D MCCOY (Galway).—If found accurate, your last problem shall be published.

DR F ST.—To your proposed solution of No. 230 Black replies with L R to Q Kt 4th, and there is no mate next move.

P CRANS (The Hague).—As your problem gives White two second moves, it is too defective for publication. Kindly send the solution of the last four moves, and it shall be examined.

O V COSTER.—You would save yourself a lot of trouble by using the ordinary English notation; but we acknowledge the pains you have taken in sending your solution of No. 234.

J F CAMPBELL.—See answer to Dr F St, above.

J PIERCE (Siddmouth).—Very good, and up to the mark in every respect.

J W MARCHANT.—The defence you propose for No. 230 is met with 2. Q to Q Kt 4th, mate.

C FISCH.—We are always glad to receive original contributions.

R FREEBOROUGH (Hull).—Shall be noticed next week. Crowded out this week.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 230 received from J B Rogers and Charles Burnett; of No. 231 from Charles Burnett, F Scheele, and J Ryder; of No. 232 from W R Rafter and J S; of No. 233 from A Gallow Huxley, F G W Swire, Charles Etherington, W H D A B Duncan, O V C Coster, Joseph T Pullen, J S King (Dublin), E J Gibbs (Pulstow), Nos Redna (Leeds), Joseph Slater, Percy Gibbs, T Smith (Brighton), W H Hayton, T J Street (Hulford), W D Halliburton Bell, Paul Von Szilovs (Vienna), Simons, William Brock, C Finch (Pau), J H Blood, John Oliver, John G Grant, Arthur E White, and J Miles (Barnet).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 234 received from W Von Beverhondt, Charles Wortall, A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), W H Reed (Liverpool), G J Veale, H Dorrington, O J Gibbs (Coventry), Julia Short (Exeter), J D Tucker (Leeds), E Cassella (Paris), Dawn, Martin F S E Tallantyre, Rev A R Wilson (New Barnet), A B Duncan, Howard A W Hillier, Joseph T Pullen (Launceston), J Coad, Jupiter Junior, Mrs Kelly (Lifton), Dr F St, H Moss, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Alpha, J T W, E S Kennedy (Exmouth), R Worters (Canterbury), G A Probert, J C Tabor (Ashford), Shadforth, J Hall, Thomas Chown, C E P, D McCoy (Galway), J M Blorr (Shortlands), Ruby Rook, J Stanley James, J G Hankin, A Newman, A Harris, W Pre (Fleewood), Columbus, A P Greenly (Golham), Fr Fernando, James Sage, R H Brooks, T Roberts, T G (Ware), E London, Rev Winfield Cooper, C A Fox, R F N Banks, Arthur E White, W H Hayton, W Wright, W Hughes (Ross), A Bechger (Alost), J Miles, Bernard Reynolds, Swyre, W R Raillem, E E H, and W Lewis (Ebbw Vale).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2342.

By W. BARRY.

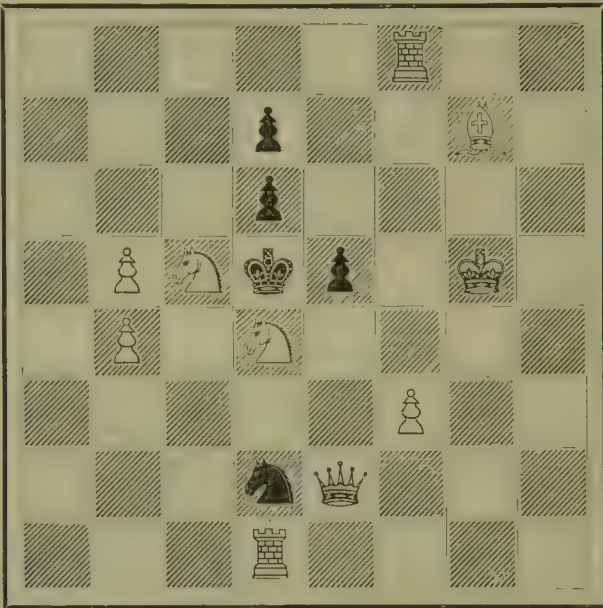
- | | |
|---------------------|-------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to K Kt 3rd | P takes R |
| 2. Q to B 3rd (ch) | Kt to B 5th |
| 3. Q takes Kt—Mate. | |

NOTE.—This problem admits of a second solution by 1. R takes P (ch), Kt takes R; 2. R to K 5th, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2346.

By CARSLAKE W. WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played in the Fraser Tourney between Messrs. G. B. FRASER, of Dundee, and JOHN RUSSELL, a leading member of the Glasgow Chess Club. (Gambit declined.)

- | | |
|--|-----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. F.) | BLACK (Mr. R.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th |
| 2. P to K B 4th | P to Q 4th |
| 3. P takes Q P | Q takes P |
| 4. Kt to Q B 3rd | Q to K 3rd |
| 5. P takes P | |
| 6. B to K 2nd | Q takes P (ch) |
| 7. Kt to K B 3rd | P to Q 3rd |
| 8. B to B 4th | P to Q 3rd |
| 9. Q to K 2nd | Q takes B (ch) |
| 10. P to Q 3rd | B to B 4th |
| 11. B to K 3rd | Kt to Q 2nd |
| 12. Castles (K R) | K Kt to K B 3rd |
| 13. B takes B | B to K 3rd |
| 14. Kt to Q 4th | Q takes B |
| 15. Q to K sq | Q to K 5th |
| 16. P to K R 3rd | Castles |
| 17. Kt to K 3rd | Q takes K |
| 18. Q to R 4th | Q to K 5th |
| 19. Q to K B 2nd | Q to K 5th |
| 20. B to Q 4th | Q to K 5th |
| 21. Q R to K sq | Q to K 5th |
| 22. B to K 3rd | Q to K 5th |
| 23. Kt to K 2nd | Q to K 5th |
| 24. Q Kt to Q 4th | Q to K 5th |
| 25. B to Q 2nd | Q to K 5th |
| 26. R takes R | P to K 5th |
| 27. Kt to Kt 3rd | Q to Kt 3rd |
| 28. P to K 4th | B to B 4th |
| 29. P to Q Kt 4th | B to Q Kt 3rd |
| 30. K Kt to B 5th | K to Kt sq |
| 31. Kt to K 7th | Q to R 4th |
| 32. P to Q B 4th | K to R sq |
| 33. P to K Kt 3rd | Kt to K sq |
| 34. B to K B 4th | P to K B 3rd |
| 35. P to Q B 5th | B to Q B 2nd |
| 36. Q Kt takes B P | |
| 37. Kt takes Kt | P takes Kt |
| 38. B to Q 2nd, | |
| and Black abandoned the game, as all his pieces, curiously enough, are rendered wholly inactive. If B to Q sq then 39. P to Q 4th wins neatly enough; if P to K R 3rd, then 39. R to K B sq is equally satisfactory as a winning move. | |

The annual match of the combined Universities of Oxford and Cambridge against the City of London Chess Club will be played at the Salvation Tavern, Newgate-street, on Tuesday, March 26. We understand a match has also been arranged between the Universities team and the Athenæum Chess Club, to be played on the previous evening at the Athenæum, Camden-road, N.W.

The St. George's Chess Club will play its annual match with the City at the rooms of the latter on April 3. The challenge of the British Chess Club to the City has been accepted, but on the condition that the teams shall number not less than twenty a side. If this is insisted upon there will be probably some difficulty in bringing off the event.

England will be fully represented at the American Chess Congress, Messrs. Blackburne, Burn, Gunsberg, and Pollock have already sailed, and Mr. Bird contemplates an early departure.

The first annual dinner of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours took place on March 13, in the galleries of the institute, in Piccadilly, under the presidency of Sir James Linton, the company numbering about one hundred, and consisting for the most part of members of the Royal Institute and of gentlemen connected with literature and art.

IN CAMP WITH THE 2ND LIFE GUARDS.

The occasional participation of one of the stately regiments of Household Cavalry in the military manoeuvres and exercises of Aldershot involves some campaigning experiences to which they are less accustomed than other regiments of the British Army; though, whenever they have been employed on active service, they could equally accommodate themselves to the conditions of marching and taking the field. Our Correspondent's Sketches are of a humorous character, the first being an illustration of the joke concerning the size and stature of Life Guardsmen, one of whom seems too big to get into an ordinary sentry-box. The officers' tents also may appear too diminutive for personal comfort; and those gallant gentlemen expect their servants to wait upon them punctually in the morning with the needful bath and dressing arrangements. The celebrated Thibetan bear, the pet of the regiment, is not omitted from the subjects of these Sketches. The men are shown going to tend their horses in the stables, watering the horses at the troughs, and performing the new drill; also resting and playing and eating their rations. One of them, at least, finds an agreeable companion for a quiet stroll on Sunday afternoon: "None but the brave deserve the fair!" Any soldier, however, with a penny in his possession, may console himself with a bottle of harmless "fizz"; and we suppose the canteen affords other liquid refreshment. The farewell inspection, before going back to Windsor, is the closing scene of this campaign, which must be salutary, as well for health as for discipline, to the fine regiments at the head of the Army List.

MILITARY POLICE, UPPER BURMAH.

In the western border region of Upper Burmah, the Yaw-Chin frontier, from Telin, in the south, to Kambale, and thence to Yazagyo, in the north, has been secured by the establishment of military and police posts. The Kale territory of Burmah was much disturbed last autumn by the incursions of the Siyin-Chin tribe, noted for its raiding and plundering propensities; and the recent expedition, commanded by Brigadier-General Faunce, after relieving Gangaw, a post held by Colonel Leggett with a garrison of the 10th Madras Infantry, and inflicting a defeat on the enemy near that place on Jan. 6, proceeded to chastise the Siyin marauders. The Chin Field-Force was joined in this action at Shoushi by the Military Police from Pakohu, of which battalion Lieutenant J. Philipps, of the 5th Goorkhas, was in command on the occasion. It mustered sixty mounted infantry, with their hardy little ponies, and the illustration, from a photograph by Lieutenant Horsburgh, of the 1st Madras Lancers, represents their appearance when equipped for this field-service.

AN INCIDENT OF FIGHTING AT SUAKIN.

It has been mentioned that, for six weeks or more after the signal defeat of Osman Digma's forces, on Dec. 20, by the Egyptian garrison and British troops at Suakin, the enemy continued to encamp at Handoub, a few miles distant, and small parties of horsemen frequently attempted incursions on the plain towards the west front of the town. On the morning of Feb. 7, Lieutenant J. R. Beech, of the 21st Hussars, in temporary command of the cavalry at Suakin, was reconnoitring towards Hashin, and was riding some distance in advance of his troopers. He unexpectedly came upon two of the "Dervishes," who had, though mounted on camels, been hidden by the dense bush, growing in some places 12 ft. or 15 ft. high. They endeavoured to retire on their infantry, a large number of whom were scattered about in the bush. They were hotly pursued by Lieutenant Beech, calling upon them to surrender. The first one then showed fight, but was presently run through the lungs by a thrust of the sabre, and was put "hors de combat." The other dervish meanwhile dismounted from his camel, and attacked Beech on foot. A sharp encounter took place, in which Beech finally vanquished his opponent just as two of the cavalry scouts arrived on the spot, one of whom gave the Arab his "coup de grâce." The dervishes were both of high rank, being Emirs; they were well armed, and men of great physique, but of diabolical appearance. It may be remembered that Lieutenant Beech was the officer selected by Sir Gerald Portal, C.B., in 1887, to accompany him on the English Mission to Abyssinia, for which service he was rewarded with the Companionship of St. Michael and St. George.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress on March 13 entertained the merchants and bankers of the City of London and a large number of other guests, including many ladies.

Owing to a heavy north-east gale on March 14 her Majesty's ship Sultan was forced off the rock where she was lying and sank, her upper works remaining above water.

The Rev. Dr. Edwin A. Abbott resigns his position as headmaster of the City of London School, which he had held for twenty-three years.

The new Royal Warrant for the Hon. Artillery Company has been officially promulgated by the Commander-in-Chief, with the approval of the Secretary for War.

At the German Reed entertainment, St. George's Hall, on March 20, was produced a new "first part" entitled "Britanny Folk," for which Mr. Walter Frith wrote the libretto and Mr. A. J. Caldicott composed the music. The operetta was followed by Mr. Corney Grain's highly-amusing sketch, "A Day's Sport."

The inquest was opened on March 14 on the bodies of the twenty men and boys who were killed by the colliery explosion near Wrexham, on March 13. An open lamp has been found in the mine at the spot where the explorers believe that the explosion took place.

The annual meeting of the Teachers' University Association was held on March 14 at Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel. The Rev. S. A. Barnett, who presided, mentioned that one of its objects was to obtain facilities for elementary teachers spending a certain time at Oxford and Cambridge Universities.

Mrs. C. F. Allison gave, on March 19, at Grosvenor Hall, Buckingham Palace-road, a lecture descriptive of the manners and the customs of the inhabitants of Ancient Judea. The models and costumes used by Mrs. Allison to illustrate her descriptions were collected by her during her recent visits to the East. The chair was taken by the Rev. Canon Fleming, and the profits of the lecture were given to the Bethlehem Building Fund in connection with the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East.

On Shrove Tuesday, the parish church of Heanton Punchardon, near Barnstaple, was reopened with a sermon by the Bishop of Exeter, after partial renovation. It is an ordinary Devon church, with chancel of fourteenth-century date. The western tower has been put into a state of repair, and its six good bells have been rehung, at the expense of Sir William Williams. Some alterations in the chancel have been done at the cost of the present Rector, the Rev. Charles E. Lamb. All the work has been carried out satisfactorily by the local tradesmen, without a builder, under the direction of Mr. William White, F.S.A.



1. All right for an Infantry soldier, but not for a Lifeguardsman.
2. Going to stables.
3. New tactics: dismounted.

4. During a halt.
5. At the water-troughs.
6. The man who heads the regiment.

7. The penny fizzers.
8. Calling for their bath in the early morning.
9. In the mess-tent, Officers discussing events of the day.

10. Skirmishing along the canal.
11. Issuing rations.
12. A pet from Thibet.
13. Farewell inspection.

MUSIC.

The Philharmonic Society, as already briefly intimated, opened its seventy-seventh season, at St. James's Hall, on March 14. The permanent conductor of the society, Mr. F. H. Cowen, was unable to direct the opening concert, having prolonged his stay in Australia, where he has been engaged to conduct the performances in association with the Exhibition. Mr. Cowen's expected return about this date will, it is to be hoped, enable him to direct the second concert, on March 28. The opening Philharmonic concert of the new season was directed by Dr. Mackenzie, with the exception to be afterwards named. The programme contained no absolute novelty, but was of strong and varied interest. Herr Edvard Grieg's characteristic orchestral suite, "Peer Gynt," conducted by himself, produced even a greater impression than on a recent occasion, when it was noticed by us. The other orchestral works were Sterndale Bennett's overture, "Parisina"; Beethoven's fourth symphony (in B flat), and Dr. Mackenzie's Scotch rhapsody, "Burns." Schumann's pianoforte concerto in A minor was played by Miss Geisler-Schubert, a grand-niece of the great composer Franz Schubert. The young lady produced a marked impression by her excellent pianoforte playing at her own recent concert, when she played compositions of the master just named; but in the concerto of Schumann she was less successful. She displayed much facile mechanism, but scarcely the intensity of style required in the composition now referred to. In unaccompanied solo pieces the lady produced a better impression. "Lieder," by Grieg, effectively sung by Madame Grieg, completed the concert.

The thirty-third series of Saturday Afternoon Concerts at the Crystal Palace is drawing towards a close; sixteen of the twenty performances having taken place, a supplemental concert being announced (on April 20), as usual, for the benefit of Mr. Manns, the conductor. The sixteenth concert of the series (on March 16) calls for but brief notice. That skilful violoncellist, M. E. Gillet, played Raff's concerto; and Mr. Lloyd sang, with fine expression, an air by Gluck and songs by Dvorák, other features having been repetitions of familiar pieces.

Herr Joachim continues to occupy the position of leading and solo violinist at the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall. At the Saturday afternoon performance of March 16, he led Beethoven's fourth string quartet (in C minor) and was associated with Herr Straus in a fine performance of one of Spohr's violin duets, and with Signor Piatti and Mlle. Janotha (as pianist) in a trio by Schumann. The lady just named gave an artistic rendering of Beethoven's solo sonata known as the "Pastoral," and Mlle. Fillunger contributed vocal pieces with much effect.

We have already noticed the recent proceedings at Berlin in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the first public appearance of Herr Joachim, when a mere child. Another testimonial has been organised in London, by the co-operation of some distinguished amateurs and professors (headed by Sir Frederick Leighton as chairman), this taking the form of the presentation to Herr Joachim of a magnificent Stradivarius violin, the favourite instrument of Viotti. A more suitable tribute could scarcely have been devised.

The fifth, and last but one, of the series of Novello's Oratorio Concerts at St. James's Hall was appropriated to a performance of "The Light of Asia," a cantata composed by Dudley Buck. The work was produced (in May, 1888) at Newark in America, where the composer is held in much

esteem. Of the merits of the work, and its London performance, we must speak hereafter, with more space at command than at present.

The twenty-third season of Mr. John Boosey's "London Ballad Concerts" at St. James's Hall has just come to a successful close—the last morning performance having (as already recorded) been given on March 13; the final evening concert having been announced for March 20. The programme on each occasion was of the usual popular and attractive nature.

The "Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society" announced the first of three concerts, at the Royal Academy of Music, on March 22; the exccutants being: Mr. Vivian (flute), Mr. Malsch (oboe), Mr. G. A. Clinton (clarinet), Mr. Borsdorf (horn), and T. Wotton (bassoon). The society offers a prize of twenty guineas for the best quintet for the instruments associated with their performances.

Signor Tamberlik died in Paris on March 14. This great stage vocalist was born at Rome, in 1820, and made his debut in 1840, at Naples, in Bellini's "I Capuletti." After gaining much success on the Continent, he appeared at our Royal Italian Opera, as Masaniello, in 1850, and at once established an exceptionally high position by his dramatic power and the grandeur of his musical declamation. In the character just named, as Arnold in Rossini's "Tell," Jean of Leyden in Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète," Raoul in the same composer's "Les Huguenots," Otello in Rossini's opera so named, and in various other operas too numerous for specification, Signor Tamberlik displayed qualities as rare as they were excellent. His possession of an exceptionally high range of voice was specially manifested in Rossini's "Tell," in which the music of Arnold frequently requires this gift. The famous singer's "ut de poitrine," in his best days, was an effect never to be forgotten by those who heard it. Signor Tamberlik continued to sing in private—still with artistic taste—until nearly the close of his life.

Mr. Felix Holt gave a poetic recital on March 14 at Steinway Hall; a grand Irish festival was held at the Royal Albert Hall on the 18th; Mr. Robert Goldbeck gave a soirée musicale at Steinway Hall on March 19; Miss Margaret Wild a pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall on March 20; and Madame Florence Perugini and Miss Mary Hutton gave a vocal recital at 104, Harley-street, on March 25, in the afternoon.

The great music-publishing firm of Ricordi, of Milan, has just appointed Signor Carlo Bossetti manager of their London branch, in room of the late Signor Cesare Lisci.

Mr. Alan England Brooke, B.A., and Mr. Edward Jenks, B.A., Scholars of King's College, Cambridge, have been elected to Fellowships of that Society.

A Reuter's telegram, dated St. Petersburg, March 16, says: The Russian Government contemplates placing under the control of General De Rosenbach, Governor-General of Turkestan, the Transcaspian territory at present under the jurisdiction of General Komaroff, Commander-in-Chief of the troops in that region.

The Drapers' Company of London have made a grant of £250 a year for four years to the council of Firth College in aid of the technical school. It is coupled with the condition that at least £750 a year shall be raised from local sources. This will partly meet the loss occasioned by the cessation of the annual subscription of £300 from the City and Guilds of London Institute.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, BART., M.P.

The Portrait of this popular member of the House of Commons, one of the "Men of the Time," will be acceptable for our Extra Supplement of the present week. Sir Wilfrid Lawson is a pleasant figure in that assembly; the originality of his views and sentiments, the frankness with which they are expressed, his unfailing good-humour, and the sallies of an intellectual vivacity which sometimes plays in harmless wit, as well as his manifest sincerity and genuine benevolence, are not less agreeable to those who do not share all his opinions than to those who think him often in the right. As a politician acting with the followers of Mr. Gladstone at the present crisis, and acquainted, during thirty years past, with Parliamentary life, he has rendered some service to the Advanced Liberal party, but has always maintained an independent attitude towards the Government which was in office at the time. His persistent and uncompromising advocacy either of the legislative prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drinks, or of a "Permissive Law" enabling the municipalities and local authorities to put such a measure in force, when demanded by the suffrages of the people, has, perhaps, rather hindered the recognition of his value as a practical politician. It may also have been felt that he would never be a subservient or very docile supporter of any particular Administration, so long as the foreign and colonial policy of the British Empire involves liability to occasions for the military expeditions which he severely disapproves. He probably considers that the "Jingo" spirit which prevailed a few years since found its congenial allies in the bar and tap-room of the public-house, against which he has long waged open war on grounds of social welfare.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson is in the sixtieth year of his age, having been born on Sept. 4, 1829. His predecessors belonged to an old family of North of England gentry, who were Lords of the Manor of Fawlisgrave, in Yorkshire, under Henry III., and who acquired estates in Cumberland. The baronetcy was conferred on Wilfrid Lawson, of Isell, Cockermouth, in 1688. It expired in 1806, on the death of the tenth Baronet without male issue, but the estates passed to a nephew of his wife, Thomas Wybergh, who took the name of Lawson, and the title was renewed in 1831. The late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, of Aspatria, who married a daughter of the Right Hon. Sir James Graham, Bart., of Netherby, the eminent Whig and Peelite statesman, died in 1867. The present Baronet married, in 1860, a daughter of Mr. J. Pocklington-Senhouse, of Netherhall. He was elected M.P. for Carlisle in 1859, lost his seat in 1865, but regained it in 1868, and sat for Carlisle till 1885. He now represents the Cockermouth division of Cumberland. He resides at Brayton, near Carlisle, and takes his part in all the ordinary pursuits of a country gentleman among his neighbours.

On March 16 the Mansion House fund for the relief of the sufferers by the famine in China exceeded £20,000. The Mayor of Liverpool sent a second remittance of £500, and the Mayor of Manchester a first instalment of £400.

A new magazine for the blind in Braille type has been started by the Misses Hodgkin, of Childwall, Richmond-on-Thames. It is called *Santa Lucia*, and is under distinguished patronage. The principal publishing houses in London have granted permission to reprint from their works. Among the authors who appear in the first number are Sir Edwin Arnold, A. A. Proctor, Frances Hodgson Burnett, and C. A. Calverley. The object of the conductors is to help the blind, and we heartily wish success to their benevolent enterprise.

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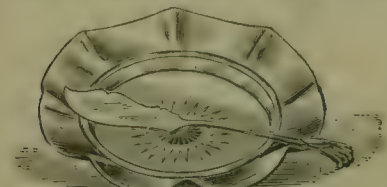
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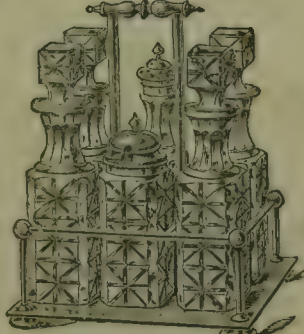
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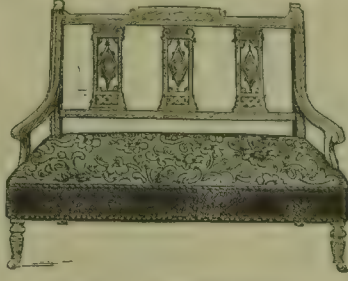
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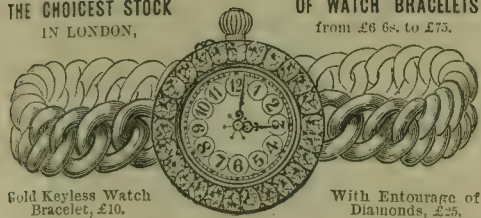
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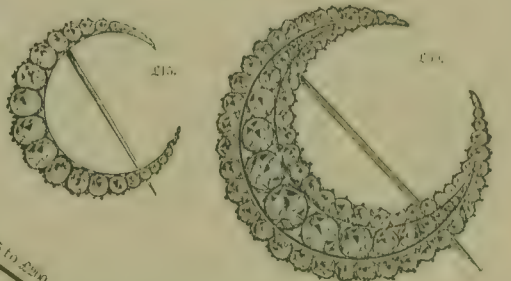
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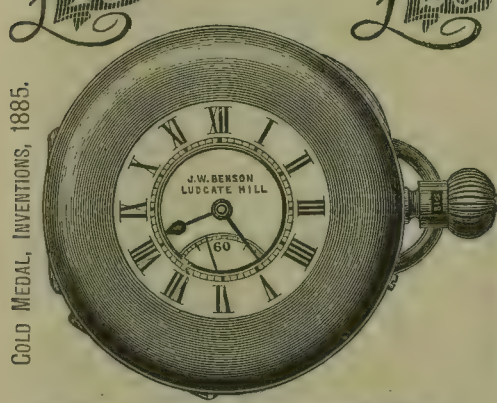
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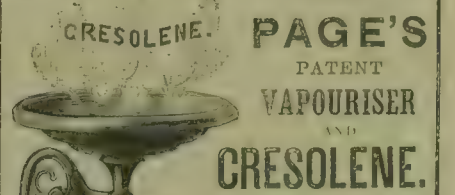
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Much preliminary announcement, many "society" patronesses, and the presence of Royalty combined to give great distinction to the recent "Ice Carnival." Translated into plain words, it was a bazaar in the Albert Hall, with the limited space of the floor fitted up with cardboard structures painted to represent houses and inns and rural scenes under the snows of winter. The crush was so great at the time that Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, was there that it was hardly possible for sellers or purchasers to move about; and as everybody present had paid half-a-guinea for admission, it is clear that the West-End Hospital for Nervous Diseases, on behalf of which the bazaar was held, must reap considerable benefit from the affair. The Duchess performed her task of opening the bazaar with her usual geniality. Her dress was very simple, being merely a red velvet bonnet trimmed with osprey, a brown plush mantle, and a black silk dress.

Our American sisters are invading our bazaar stalls as well as our marriage market. No spiteful person must here observe that these phrases mean much the same, as most of the American lady stall-holders at recent bazaars are already married. The most striking dresses, the most energetic businesses, appertained at the Albert Hall to Madame Nordica, Mrs. Ronalds, Mrs. De Roode, Mrs. Lart, Miss Walt Whitman, and other ladies from over the big water. Madame Nordica's dress was superb, and became the pretty cantatrice to admiration. She and Mrs. Lart (who together kept "the North Pole," marked out by two silver axes above the stall—the *axis* of the world) wore sparkling silver gauze, arranged partly over white and partly over sea-green soft silk, and constructed somewhat on the lines of a tea-gown, with wing sleeves of white lined with green. Icicle beads, interspersed with big crystal globes, dingle-dangled all over them; and the moon and stars in diamonds adorned their stately heads. Not less striking was Mrs. Ronalds, another of the most famous of the American women who have conquered London society. Her stall was "An American dwelling," so that its mistress wore ordinary costume, but it was by no means ordinary in style. The back was of navy blue faille Française, and the vest and tablier of an indescribably lovely brocaded plush, flowers of all rich yet subdued tints *brown on a dark blue ground. Her bonnet was of fine white lace, in the new flat shape which is the very latest thing out, and which bids fair to oust the high-brimmed "Directoire." This new shape has little more rise in its centre and no more brim than an oyster-shell, and the trimming consists mainly of a big bow (called "Alsatian") laid flat across, the ends lying close to the shape on either side of the front. Such was the shape of Mrs. Ronalds' bonnet, the bow being of amber velvet ribbon with a diamond star set in its midst. Such, too, was Miss Fortescue's pretty new bonnet, the shape of white embroidered crêpe-de-Chine with a large *réséda* ribbon bow flat on the front; and such was also the shape of bonnet worn by many of the most stylish guests. Mrs. De Roode, another popular American resident in London, presided at the "Indian

Wigwam," and wore an effective fancy dress with a skirt of accordeon pleating in white silk, and red and white bodice and sash drapery with various barbaric jewels and adornments.

At affairs of this sort there is generally some costume in conspicuously bad taste, and that place on this occasion was awarded to a flaring yellow "Incroyable," with a too short skirt and a huge tricornered hat. There is a difference between a bazaar and a vulgar subscription fancy-dress ball. It was pleasant to turn from this exhibition to the perfectly quiet and refined appearance of the beautiful young Duchess of Montrose, who was dressed exactly like her assistants, Miss Edmonston and her sister, in a perfectly-fitting black dress, with jet cuffs and collar, and having a plastron and tablier and also a little mob cap of a striped pink silk and white gauze. Lady Jane Taylor looked nice, too, in a simply-made nut-brown satin mervilleux and a jet bonnet. After so much of revers and vests and loose fronts and treader jackets, and Directoire sashes, and so on, as we have had of late, a perfectly plain gown moulded to the figure comes as a pleasant novelty, and Miss Hilda Graham looked remarkably stylish in her absolutely plain and untrimmed bodice of grey tweed laced up the back, with collar and cuffs of fluffy grey fur. The Countess de Morella's beautiful brocade of white flowers on an old pink ground contrasted well with the grey plush bodice, which had puffed sleeves of the brocade; and Lady Carew's plain grey serge, embroidered with white, and large-brimmed grey hat, trimmed with white ribbon, equally showed off the smart Empire costume of her sister, Miss Lethbridge, which was of green and grey striped silk and woollen, made with a treader vest, edged with iridescent beads, and a front of green satin. Mrs. Stannard, at a stall where, by a play on her nom-de-plume of "Winter," she sold only her own books and her own photographs and a few autographs and etchings, was aided by Mrs. Jopling in a pretty green cloth Directoire gown, with red front; and Mrs. F. V. White, in red cloth, trimmed with beaver. Of the various entertainments, the best, by far, was that of the "Physiognomy Professor," a clever young lady named Miss Annie Oppenheim, who "read the characters" of her sitters at a glance with remarkable accuracy, as they and their friends generally declared.

I have previously mentioned that the wide-brimmed, low-crowned hats that are to be fashionable this spring are to be worn much back on the head, so that they will have a high appearance, and will not greatly differ in effect from tall hats. The bonnets described above, however, almost flat as they are, form a complete contrast to the very high ones that have preceded them; and, though the big open "Directoire" shapes are not yet done with, the flat plain ones appear to be taking the lead. Flowers, of course, always appear as trimming when the spring comes, but ribbon forms the chief adornment of the flat-shaped variety of chapeau. It is early yet to say what will be adopted. Dressmakers and milliners introduce many things which do not catch the public taste; but it certainly appears as if the Directoire *coat* has had its day, and that folds on the bodice, one half of it made different from the

other, fancy sleeves, and Empire sashes will be preferred as the styles in new gowns. Certainly, the coat-polonaise with pocket-flaps, big buttons, and loose-edged fronts, is quite overdone. The common dressmaker has picked up the style and spoiled it. But the bodice with one half showing folded draperies and the other plain, or with full sleeves or sleeves of a second material, or with a short rounded treader or Zouave enter bodice over a folded vest drawn firm to beneath the bust, and then passing under a sash going round the figure—all this is quite new, and therefore likely to be popular with people who wish to dress in the front rank of fashion.

It appears that women art-students are singularly successful in the competitive examinations on the result of which depends admission to the training schools of the Royal Academy. Last year ten out of twelve of the successful candidates were women; this year, ten out of sixteen are of the "weaker" sex. An anonymous critic is very wroth at this fact, and declares that the standard must be altered. His argument is that the ladies so chosen for Academy education do not fulfil their promise in later life. According to this assailant, they do not "achieve anything above damning mediocrity." It is a sufficient reply to this assertion to remark that amongst past pupils of the R.A. are Miss Henrietta Rae, Miss Jane Dealy, Mrs. Seymour Lucas, Miss Ethel Mortlock, Miss Annie Youngman, R.J., Madame Canziani, Miss Dicksee, and many others, who have all done work that is certainly far above mediocrity.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Sunday, March 17, being St. Patrick's Day, there was a very general display in London, on the hat or coat, of some green emblem. A large number of Irishmen and Irishwomen joined during the past week the "Truce of St. Patrick," established by Cardinal Manning many years ago, under which people agree to abstain from intoxicating drink on the day preceding the festival, on St. Patrick's Day, and the day following it. Enrolment under the "Truce" has had the effect of materially lessening, in recent years, the drunkenness and disorder which in former times were associated with the celebration in London of the anniversary of the Patron Saint of Ireland. St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in Liverpool by a meeting of Irishmen in the Concert Hall, at which addresses were delivered by Mr. P. Foley, M.P., Mr. Biggar, M.P., and Dr. Commins, M.P.

Mr. A. Craven Greenwood, manager of the Albert Institute, Robert-street, Blackfriars-road, writes as follows:—"I feel sure" that if the densely-crowded, poverty-stricken state of this neighbourhood could be realised I should not have pleaded the last six months, without response, for the funds so urgently wanted to endow this useful and much-needed institute. Our object is to teach the poor to *help themselves*, and not to rely for everything upon the generosity of others. Our baths and wash-houses (for the use of which they pay as much as they can afford, but not enough to cover working expenses) are the only means they have of keeping themselves and their surroundings in decent, healthful cleanliness. Surely this alone will commend my appeal to the generous sympathy of your readers."

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 16, 1888) of the Right Hon. Harriet, Countess of Sheffield, late of No. 58, Portland-place, who died at Brighton on Jan. 1, was proved on March 13 by the Right Hon. Henry North, Earl of Sheffield, the son, and the Right Hon. William Henry Berkeley, Viscount Portman, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £63,000. The testatrix gives £10,000, her leasehold house, No. 58, Portland-place, and the furniture, pictures, &c., therein, to her son, the Earl of Sheffield, and also one half of her share of the estate of her late son, the Hon. Douglas Holroyd; the income of £4000 to the Rev. William Frederick Attenborough, for life; annuities of £100 to Mrs. Attenborough and £200 to her maid, and legacies to servants; the principal sums of the two annuities and the legacy are to go to her son on the respective deaths of the annuitants. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for Lady Caroline Lascelles, for life, and then to her son, Frank Cavendish Lascelles.

The will (dated Jan. 3, 1888) of Mr. William Hedley, J.P., late of Burnhopeside Hall, near Lanchester, Durham, who died on Dec. 13, was proved on March 13 by Mark Archer and Robert Lamb Armstrong, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £174,000. The testator bequeaths £500 each to the Vicars and Churchwardens of St. Oswin's Church, Wylam; Lanchester Church; the Mission Hall at Holmside, Durham, and Newburn Church, upon trust, to invest the same, the income to be given away in blankets, coal, and clothing to the poor communicants at the said churches, every Christmas and Midsummer; £1500, upon trust, to apply the income thereof in keeping in repair the Mission Hall at Holmside, for the carrying on of the service therein, and in help of the stipend of the Curate in charge; £1000 to the National Life-Boat Institution to found a life-boat to be called the "William Hedley"; £1000 to the Newcastle-on-Tyne Infirmary; £500 each to the Whitley Convalescent Home, the North Shields Seamen's Mission, the Asylum for the Blind and the Eye Hospital, at Newcastle, and the Northern Counties Orphan Institution; £1000 to his viewer, James Fairley; £2000 to Major William Bell; all his interest in the Dunstan Engine Works Company and certain shares in steam-ships to Mark Archer and Robert Lamb Armstrong; and very many legacies to clerks, workmen, servants, and others. He devises Burnhopeside Hall, his estate at Newton, Northumberland, and all his houses, lands, and hereditaments in that county and Durham, to his nephew John Thomas Hedley, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male. He leaves all his interest in the Holmside and Craghead, and the South Moor Collieries, together with all the plant and certain of his steam-ships, upon trust, that his executors shall accumulate two thirds of the income thereof for sixteen years, when one moiety is to follow the trusts of his real estate and the other moiety, upon like trusts, for his nephew Edward Hedley. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his said two nephews, John Thomas Hedley and Edward Hedley.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1883), with a codicil (dated May 15, 1885), of Mr. William Pollett Brown Chatteris, D.L., J.P., late of Sandford Priory, Berkshire, who died on Jan. 25 last, was proved on March 8 by the Rev. Francis Charles Gosling, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £155,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Royal Reading Berkshire Hospital; £200 for the benefit of the Mission at Wash-common; £1000, upon trust, to pay the income to the Vicar of St. John's, Newbury; £5000 to Alpin MacGregor; £5000 to Charlotte Mary, Lady MacGregor; £12,000 to the children of Mrs. Frances Law; £10,000 to Sir Alexander John Arbuthnot; £9000 to Sir Charles George Arbuthnot; £500 to his godson, the Hon. Alan David Murray; £500 to his goddaughter, Lady Selina Herbert; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and on her death as she shall appoint; and in default thereof, he leaves his Sandford estate to Alpin MacGregor; his Newtown estate to Sir Alexander John MacGregor; and the ultimate residue of his property between Lady Helen MacGregor, Atholl MacGregor, Evan MacGregor, Alpin MacGregor, Mary Elizabeth Thynne, and Viscountess Stormont.

The will (dated Jan. 1, 1884), with a codicil (dated July 29, 1885), of Mr. William Davies, late of Bridgend House, Stonehouse, Gloucester, who died on Dec. 31, was proved on Feb. 22 in the District Registry at Gloucester by Mrs. Jane Charlotte Davies, the widow, William Davies, the son, and Edward Palling Little, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £78,000. The testator gives £800, his household furniture and the use, for life, of his house, to his wife; £12,000, part of the capital of his business, to his son Edward Jenner Davies; the goodwill of his business to his son William; and £500 to each of his five daughters. He devises his mills, houses, lands, and all real estate to his son William, but charged with such a sum, as, with his personalty (if insufficient), will pay the legacies and annuities given by his will. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, during the life of his wife, to pay her an annuity of £1200; £200 per annum to each of his daughters Louisa, Alice, Jane, and Emily; and the remainder of the income between his said two sons. On the death of his wife he gives £5500, upon trust, for each of his daughters Louisa, Alice, Jane, and Emily; £500 to his daughter Mary (who was provided for on her marriage); and the ultimate residue between his two sons.

The will (dated Dec. 10, 1887), with a codicil (dated Aug. 27, 1888), of Mrs. Laura Emma Vernon Harcourt, late of No. 3, Minster-court, York, and Bridlington Quay, who died on Feb. 5, was proved on March 13 by Leveson Francis Vernon Harcourt, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £62,000. The testatrix bequeaths the income of £10,000 to Isabella Cooke, for life; £10,000, upon trust, for her sister, Mrs. Charlotte Egerton, for life, and then to the Bridlington Convalescent Home in help of the maintenance and support thereof; £4000 to Leveson Vernon Harcourt; £2000 to Augustus Vernon Harcourt; £1000 each to Mary,

George, and Alfred Egerton; £1000 to Beatrice Brooke; £4000 to Edith Milner; £3000 to Harriet Carden; £2000 to her sister, Charlotte Egerton; £200 each to the Ladies' Convalescent Home (Scarborough), the Clergy Home (Scarborough), the Castle Howard Reformatory, and the St. Stephen's Orphanage (York); and many other legacies. Her house at Bridlington is directed to be sold and the proceeds thereof are to go towards paying a clergyman for the Mission Room at Hildes-thorpe. The residue of her property she leaves to Leveson Francis Vernon Harcourt.

The will (dated Feb. 7, 1888) of Mrs. Anne Davy, late of No. 4, Onslow-gardens, Kensington, who died on Feb. 15, was proved on March 12 by Francis Yates, Richard Yates, and Robert Yates, the nephews, and Henry Hewetson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £41,000. The testatrix gives an annuity of £100 to Miss Sarah Sissons; £100 each to Henry Hewetson and Mr. Broome; and legacies and annuities to relatives and servants. She appoints a sum of £5000 to her three nephews Francis, Richard, and Robert Yates, and her niece, Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Normandy. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, to pay annuities of £600 to her sister, Mrs. Susan Yates, and £100 to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sarah Yates; and the remainder of the income is to be accumulated till twenty-one years from her decease or the death of her sister, Mrs. Susan Yates, when the ultimate residue is to be divided between her said three nephews and her niece, Mrs. Normandy, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 11, 1888) of Mr. Thomas Canning, J.P., late of Cran Hill, Weston, Somersetshire, who died on Dec. 21, was proved on March 6 by James Ruddle Gibbs and William Browne Canning, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £35,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Canning, and £1000, upon trust, for his niece, Anna Maria Kingston; subject thereto, he leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife, for life; and on her decease, he gives £12,000 between Ann Elizabeth Mansergh, Thomas Frederick Gibbs and James Ruddle Gibbs; £2000 each to Frances Mills and Mary Crowdy; £1000 each to Florence and Anne Canning; £10,000 to William Browne Canning; £3000, upon trust, for Anna Maria Kingston, for life, and then for her children; and the ultimate residue to the said William Browne Canning.

The Scotch Confirmation, under the seal of the Commissariat of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Feb. 28, 1887) of Mr. George Anderson, late of Woodhouse, Dumfriesshire, Deputy Inspector-General of Army Hospitals, who died on Dec. 30, granted to Margaret Anderson Monro, the niece, and James Monro, C.B., the Chief Commissioner of Police, the nephew, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on March 7, the value of the personal estate exceeding £27,000 in England and Scotland.

The Lord Mayor's fund for sending a representative body of London working-men to the Paris Exhibition amounts to about £900, and will be closed when £1000 is reached.



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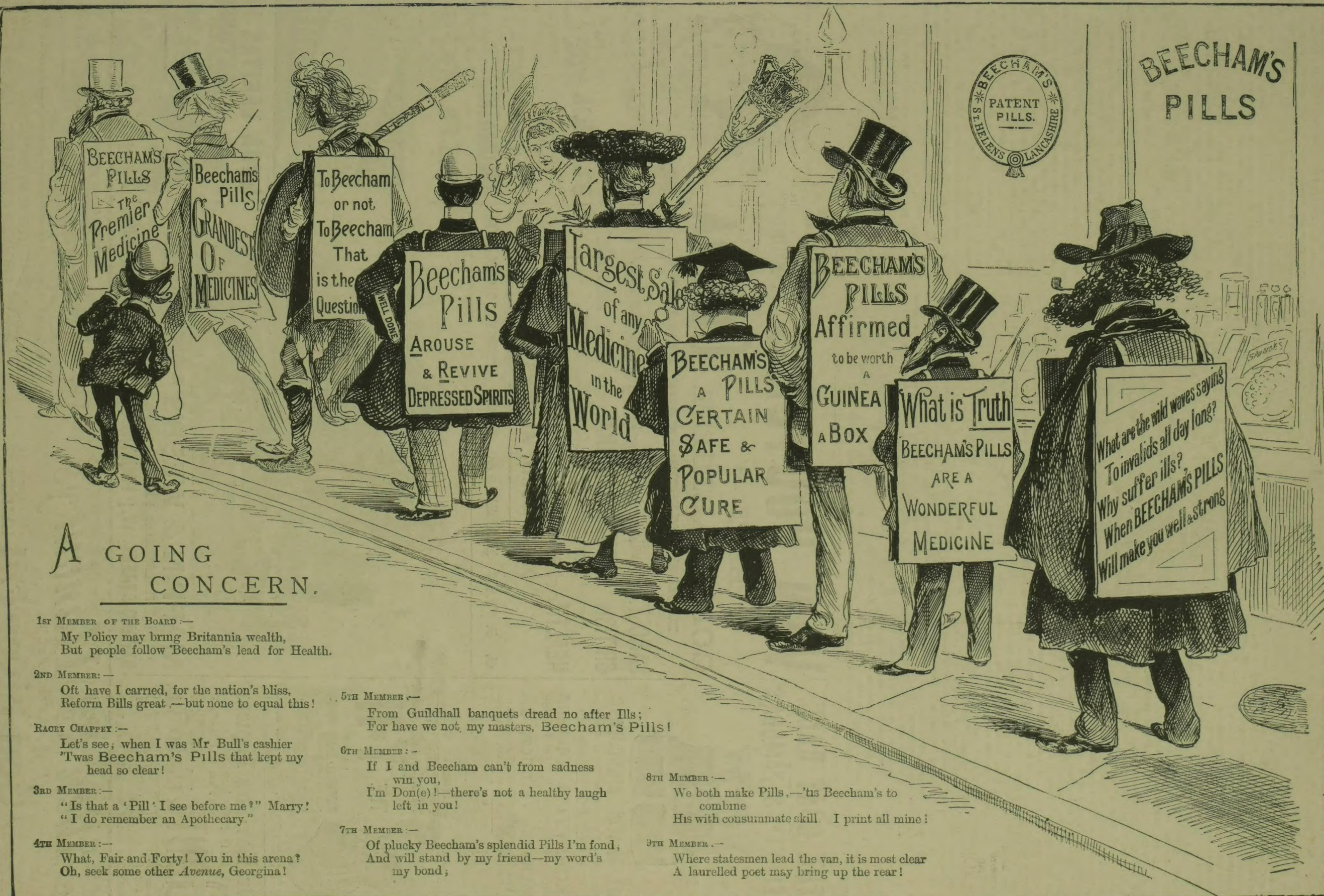
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3RD MEMBER:—

"Is that a 'Pill' I see before me?" Marry!
"I do remember an Apothecary."

4TH MEMBER:—

What, Fair and Forty! You in this arena?
Oh, seek some other Avenue, Georgina!

5TH MEMBER:—

From Guildhall banquets dread no after Ills;
For have we not, my masters, Beecham's Pills!

6TH MEMBER:—

If I and Beecham can't from sadness
win you,
I'm Don(e)!—there's not a healthy laugh
left in you!

7TH MEMBER:—

Of plucky Beecham's splendid Pills I'm fond,
And will stand by my friend—my word's
my bond;

8TH MEMBER:—

We both make Pills,—'tis Beecham's to
combine
His with consummate skill. I print all mine!

9TH MEMBER:—

Where statesmen lead the van, it is most clear
A laurelled poet may bring up the rear!

THE PLAYHOUSES.

When it was first announced that Mr. Mansfield intended to take the bull boldly by the horns and play Richard III., he was considered a very indiscreet and rash young man. What had he ever done to justify so serious a step? What had the gibbering Hyde, or the sad-faced Jekyll, or the doddering Baron Chevalier, to do with the Duke of Gloucester, from whose regal robes ambitious actors have been warned off since the death and departure of the dramatic giants? Well, there is nothing succeeds like success, and now that Mr. Mansfield's Richard has been seen, marked, studied, and inwardly digested, it must be fairly and conscientiously said that the end justifies the faith that the actor had in his budding powers. If not a work of genius, it is, at any rate, a more than merely creditable performance. If unequal, unfinished, and fitfully spasmodic, it is, at least, an attempt in the right direction to get away from the trivialities, the puerilities, and the often littleness of the modern stage. Such an effort deserves the warm respect and the cordial support of the earnest dramatic student. Mr. Mansfield brings to the task singular physical gifts and intellectual advantages. He has, in the first place, a noble voice—a voice full, resonant, musical—welling up in rich volumes from the chest, and capable of filling Drury-Lane without any effort if the actor had willed to appear on the platform of Edmund Kean. Mr. Mansfield has as yet no mannerism that forces itself on the attention to the detriment of the play. The close observer will note the repetition of several little vocal and facial tricks caused by constant repetition of the characters of Jekyll and Hyde; but they are unimportant, and do not interfere with a careful and conscientious study of Shakspeare's hero. An actor with a fine voice, a noble countenance, and a vast resource of physical energy—an artist of the modern thoughtful and observant school, who eschews rant, and has no affinity with the "penny plain and twopenny coloured" gentleman of our infancy, is half-way towards success with Richard. Mr. Mansfield makes of the Duke of Gloucester, so to speak, two distinct men—the ambitious man before the coronation and the grasp of power, the crowned demoniac afterwards. We venture to prefer the latter man, and to establish the crowned Richard as by far the best thing Mr. Mansfield has done in this country: the subtlest bit of acting, the highest example of his intelligence. Seldom have difficult soliloquies been more admirably delivered. In the speech that concludes the second act, "My fortune smiles, and gives me all I dare ask," the actor at once riveted

the attention of his audience. This was acting wholly out of the common. Before, we had been inclined to question the view Mr. Mansfield had taken of the Duke, as schemer or lover; but this soliloquy was wholly right. It was not mere elocution, but thinking aloud. He was even better in the well-known dialogue when Buckingham forces his claim upon the King and the King is engrossed in a day-dream; in fact, from the moment that Richard is on the throne, the personation is elevated and ennobled in an artistic sense. Here and there we might fairly ask for more dignity and style—a style and dignity, we mean, more in consonance with the subject and Shakspeare; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the modern actor is trained in a school not only of acute realism, but of familiarity. Mr. Mansfield's Richard is certainly a performance to be seen and studied, and it will considerably raise his reputation and give him encouragement to do even better and nobler things. There were other interesting things to be seen in the revival besides the new Richard—notably the Duchess of York of Miss Carlotta Leclercq, an actress trained in the old school, and taught by those reared on the poetic drama; and the Prince of Wales of Miss Hatton, a singularly clever and intelligent young actress, with an admirable elocutionary method. Miss Hatton at once claimed attention by her personal grace and her winning style and manner. As for the rest, they did their best, though, in many cases, the essentially modern manner grated on the ear and destroyed the illusion. Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Fernandez are always at home in Shakspeare; but if Miss Carlotta Leclercq could have given a few lessons to some of her companions, the play might have been the better for them. As to the mounting of it, nothing could well have been better. It was at once accurate in archaeology and tasteful in scenery. The arrangement of the play unfortunately necessitates a liberal use of that theatrical nuisance the "tableau curtain," and if some arrangement can be made by which the play is over by eleven instead of twelve, the new Richard will stand a better chance of being patronised.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, true to promise, have appeared at the Court Theatre to play their farewell engagement before starting for America in the autumn, and they have brought to London Mr. Pinero's new modern tragedy mixed with modern farce called "The Weaker Sex." It was originally produced at Manchester, but has since been altered by the author in accordance with hints offered to him at the outset. If the conclusion is more sad than it was originally, it is at least more logical. The story, as we hinted some time ago, deals with the awkward subject of a man accidentally

falling in love both with a mother and her daughter; but Mr. Pinero has handled it with rare skill and studiously avoided any possible offence. Appended to this same tragic theme is a comic underplot satirising the woman's rights movement and calling out some very lively acting from Mr. Edward Righton and Miss Fanny Coleman. But "The Weaker Sex," if it happens to secure general attention, will do so on account of the powerful, pathetic, and sensitive acting of Mrs. Kendal, who has seldom done anything so fine, and the loyal assistance of Mr. Kendal in a part which, if weakly handled, is capable of ruining the play. Everyone ought to go to the Court Theatre if only to see Mrs. Kendal play Lady Vivash and to gain fresh proof that this accomplished lady holds her own as one of the most brilliant artists of our time. In the younger division some very clever work is shown by Miss Olga Brandon, a handsome and clever young actress; by Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, and Mr. Denison. Each part is finished to a nicety and the acting all round is creditable to English art.

C. S.

The Royal Meteorological Society on March 19 opened their annual exhibition at the Institute of Civil Engineers, Great George-street, Westminster. The chief feature is a collection of instruments for measuring the duration of sunlight and the variations of the intensity of the solar heat.

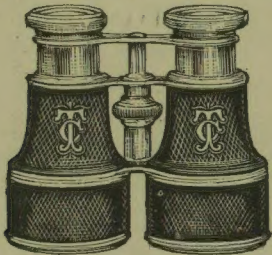
The London County Council have practically made an end of the Metropolitan Board of Works. At the meeting of the Council held at the Guildhall on March 19, under the presidency of Lord Rosebery, it was resolved, on the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Sir John Lubbock, to address a letter to the Local Government Board praying that March 21 might be appointed as the day on which the Metropolitan Board of Works should cease to exist, and on which its property, debts, and liabilities should be transferred to the London County Council. The discussion on the proposal to admit the Press and the public to committee meetings ended in a decision against such admission. It was referred to a special committee to consider whether steps should be taken to secure the undertakings now supplying London with water, and whether new sources of supply could be developed.

DEATH.

On March 13, at Westwood, Newport-on-Tay, Harry Walker, in his 77th year. All friends will please accept this intimation.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

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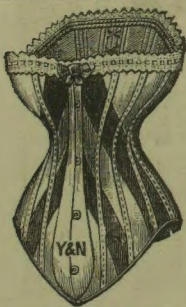


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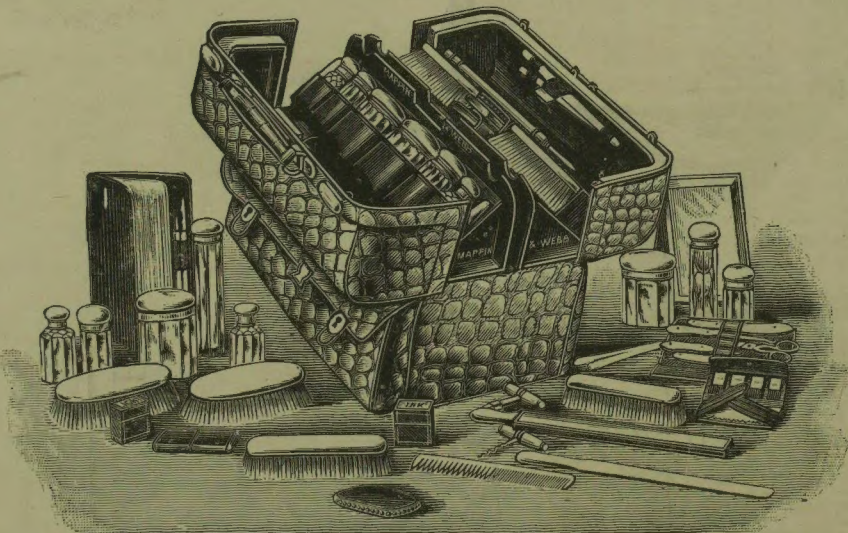
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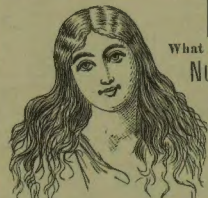
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The following are a few letters (selected from thousands) which have recently been received by Mr. C. B. HARNES, of 52, Oxford-street, London, W., showing the really marvellous cures effected by simply wearing his celebrated Electropathic Battery Belt:—

"5, Trumpington-street, Cambridge,
Feb. 25, 1889.

"Dear Sir,—Mrs. Parsley, after suffering three years and a half from giddiness in the head, having sometimes five and six attacks daily, was advised to procure your Electropathic Appliances, all local medical advice having failed to effect any cure. She commenced to wear your Appliances, viz.: A No. 3 power Electropathic Waist Belt and Spinal Band, on Nov. 22, 1888, and is now completely cured, not having suffered from a single attack during a month. I should have communicated with you before, but thought it best to see if the result was permanent. Mrs. Parsley wishes me to forward you this to make what use of it you please in the interest of any who may be suffering as she has done, and she also returns her sincere thanks to you for the kind attention you have given to her case. She will gladly correspond with anyone who may be suffering in the same way.—I am, Sir, yours thankfully,

"GEORGE W. PARSLEY.

"To C. B. Harnes, Esq.,
The Medical Battery Company (Limited),
52, Oxford-street, London, W."

"Horatio House, Leeds.

"Dear Sir,—I purchased an Electropathic Belt from you in March, and beg to state that it has a wonderful effect, my general health being much better; in fact, so much that I cannot describe it. I think they are worth their weight in gold, and would not like to be without one under any consideration.—Yours truly,

"J. DICKENSON."

"The Hollies, Newark-upon-Trent,
Sept. 27, 1888.

"Dear Sir,—It affords me great pleasure to be able to give you a most satisfactory account of your Electropathic Abdominal Belt, which I had for myself upon your advice. It has had a wonderful effect upon the circulation, and improving the general vitality of the system. I am sure any lady who, at such a critical time of life (forty-five), feels herself getting 'below par,' would do well to consult you. My daughter has also completely recovered. You will no doubt remember she was suffering from anæmia, but since wearing the Electropathic Belt has become quite strong, and can walk miles without fatigue. Please send me, for a friend

who has occasionally slight epileptic attacks, and is of a nervous temperament, a Belt 21 in., as I feel sure one will do her good.—Yours faithfully,

(Signed) (Mrs.) "E. F. OSBORNE."

Mr. W. CULLIS, 2, Gardnor-road, Hampstead, London, N.W., writes:—"The Electropathic Belt I got from you in August has done me a great deal of good. I had suffered for twenty-five years, and spent pounds in medicine without relief, but since I have worn your Belt I can walk several miles a day; before, I could not go two yards without assistance, the pain was so severe."

Mr. THOMAS BELDON, 30, Wilberforce-street, Wallend-on-Tyne, writes:—"To Mr. C. B. Harnes, The Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. Dear Sir,—It is with a feeling of deep gratitude that I write to let you know the result of the Electropathic Belt which my wife obtained from your establishment in September last. The first day on which it was worn relief was experienced, and each succeeding day the same. When I tell you she is in perfect health now, entirely through wearing your Electropathic Belt, the result is most marvellous, as she has been subject to indigestion, nervous debility, &c., for upwards of twenty-four years, scarcely having a single day of good health. But I am happy to state that you have supplied the greatest of all blessings—namely, good health. Wishing you every success."

G. W. BACON, Esq., F.R.G.S., 127, Strand, London, Oct. 20, 1888, writes:—"To Mr. C. B. Harnes. Dear Sir,—I write to express my gratitude for the great good I have derived. My case, as you may remember, was an obstinate one, and I only regret that I did not take the advice of my family doctor, and resort to electrical treatment at an earlier stage. I am pleased to state that the cure seems permanent and complete. In all my travels I have never seen an establishment so completely fitted up for these methods of treatment. I wish you every success."

Mr. J. B. CARNE, Station Master, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, Clapham Junction Station, S.W., writes:—"I beg to thank you very much for the great benefit that I have derived from wearing your Electropathic Belt which you sent me some months ago. I used to suffer with lumbago and pains in the back, both of which have now ceased, I have highly recommended the treatment to many friends."

Mrs. CONWAY, 29, Archway-street, Barnes, Surrey, writes:—"I have been a constant sufferer from sciatica for the past ten years, and my cure seems a marvel."

"Chiswick Cottage, Surbiton Hill.
"Dear Sir,—It gives me immeasurable pleasure to be able to testify to the benefit I derived from wearing an Electropathic Belt advised by you. Its influence has been marvellous in producing that refreshing sleep I have been a stranger to so long, and I now rise in the morning perfectly braced up for my day's duties—which makes me deeply grateful, at my advanced age of fifty-eight.

Yours faithfully,

"W. WHITTINGHAM."

The reason we advertise Harnes' Electropathic Belts so largely is to enable the public to know where they can obtain a bona-fide guaranteed genuine Electric Belt and the best Medical Electrical Treatment at a moderate cost, and so, as far as possible, prevent this noble and invaluable branch of science from being abused by unscrupulous vendors of bogus appliances. The Medical Battery Company's Institute is the largest of the kind in the world, and a personal inspection and examination of their Electropathic Belts, &c., cannot fail to inspire confidence in the minds of the most sceptical critics.

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Mr. C. B. HARNES, The Company's Consulting Medical Electrician, and also their Physician, Surgeon, and other officers, give advice free of charge, personally or by letter, on all matters relating to health and the application of Curative Electricity. Those who cannot call should write for descriptive pamphlet and book of testimonials, both of which may be had gratis and post-free on application, and private advice form. Our readers are invited to visit our extensive premises and personally inspect the Electropathic Belts before purchasing them. Note only address, and call, if possible, at the Electropathic and Zander Institute (The Medical Battery Company, Limited), 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place). All communications treated as strictly private and confidential.

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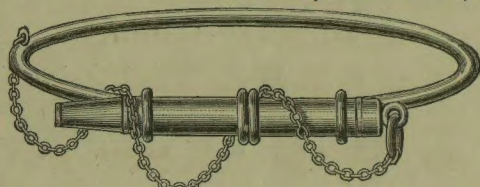
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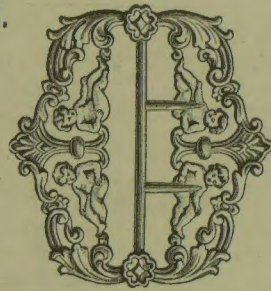


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